

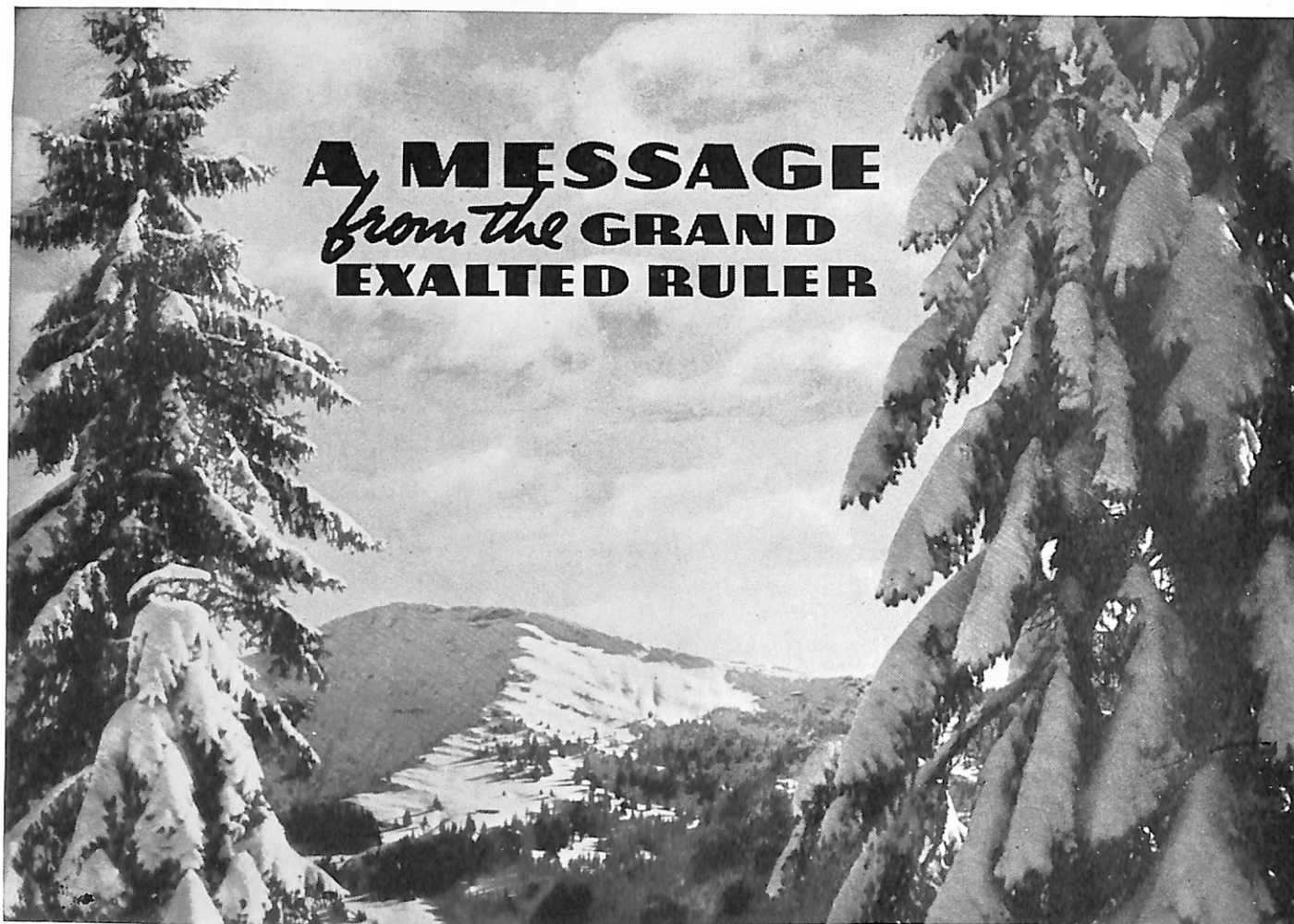
# The Silks



JOHN HYDE  
PHILLIPS

FEBRUARY, 1939





# A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

Dear Brother Elks:

Every Exalted Ruler has received a proclamation dedicating the first week in March to Americanism. I sincerely hope that time and opportunity will permit your Grand Lodge Officers to formulate plans for definite activities on the part of the Grand Lodge during this week. At the present moment, we have in mind certain meetings and ceremonials at the National Memorial Headquarters Building.

In any event, I know that every lodge and every Elk in the world will devote some time and some thought to the proper observance of the first week in March. I would like to have every Elk secure at least one application for the Americanism class, to the end that Elksdom may carry on and do its part in the preservation of our God-given Democracy.

I am likewise asking every lodge to make a special effort to observe Flag Day in such a manner that the event will be of great civic importance wherever there is an Elks' lodge.

I am very pleased with the efforts of subordinate lodges and their officers in carrying out the program of the year. So much good has been done in so many communities that I doubt if anyone will ever be able to sum up the work for publication. I am convinced, however, that be-

cause of the interest of the subordinate lodge officers and the interest of Elks in their Order and in the less fortunate in their communities, we have once again proven to all that we are entitled to the highest rating from the standpoint of service to our country and to the underprivileged. I would be remiss in my duty if I failed to say that whatever progress we have made during the first part of the present administration has been realized because of the fine work of the District Deputies and the leaders in subordinate lodges.

When you read this message, I shall be on a long trip in behalf of the Order. While I shall be unable to greet you all personally, I want you to know that I appreciate your efforts and I know that they will be continued as we go down the "home stretch" in the direction of our annual meeting next July in St. Louis.

With sincere fraternal regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

*Edward J. McCormick.*  
Grand Exalted Ruler.



Ewing Galloway





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and enhance the happiness of its members; to quick-  
en the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate  
good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Con-  
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FEBRUARY 1939

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## 2





# Fox Catchers' Darling

by Edward Shenton

*When a foxcatching gent finds his gal absorbed by a camera bug—he knows there's more there than meets the eye.*

THERE were already three men in "Cub" Dixon's young life when the fourth appeared.

The original trio stood drinking mulled ale before the fireplace of the Meadowfield Hunt Club.

Old Cotter Harbeson, who had nicknamed her, was in the midst of that oft-told tale. His thick torso canted

forward; his legs, bowed from years in the saddle, were braced apart; he rose and fell gently on his toes as though posting on some invisible hunter.

"Eighteen years ago, by Gad. Hackin' back after a thunderin' good run. There she was, bedded down in her pram. Hopped off and took a peek. Bless me! Didn't look like a girl baby. No pink an' white milk-fed brat. All rusty red mane an' russet eyes. Little sharp muzzle. Mask like a fox cub, by Gad."

Cromwell Deckard said, "She—ah—still resembles one," and bent his sleek black head toward the fire. It was the attitude of a man who has been listening some time for good news and is now getting a little anxious.

Plunket Sewell leaned his wide young shoulders against the mantel, made a harassed tangle of crisp, brown hair with one free hand and said nothing.

"Poked my whip in her ribs," old Cotter rumbled on. "Up she grabs, puts the thong in her mouth an' begins





Illustrated by H. ELDRIDGE

*"Blast!" said Cub furiously, "Why must you come thundering along?"*

to gnaw. Damme, teethin' on a crop. 'There,' I says to Nurse, havin' fits about it all. 'There,' I says, 'is a mate for a true huntin' man'." His ruddy face, with its patina from wind and whiskey, turned a deeper crimson. "Now this blasted thruster pops up."

Cromwell Deckard said, "Very—ah—distressing." The glow from the fire swept over handsome, indolent features and revealed triangles of gray at his temples and fine lines of worry about his opaque black eyes.

Plunket Sewell stirred restlessly. Perplexity shadowed his square, tanned face. That was because the world, apart from the hunting field, seemed to him a baffling country, full of subtle creatures intent, by devious means, upon obscure ends. . . . Even Cub, now. Look at the trouble she was making for them. Of course, she had always made trouble of one sort or another. They didn't mind then; they had been busy bringing her up in the right way. Old Cotter had given her light hands and a firm seat in the saddle. All the knowledge of foxes and coverts, scent and hounds in her russety head, Cromwell Deckard had put there. No one in the Meadowfield had a keener instinct for the crafty nature of Reynard, the subtleties of scent, the vagaries of the chase. As for himself, Plunket wasn't sure if he had ever taught her anything. In fact, he never quite knew who was teacher and who pupil.

When Cub was twelve and he sixteen, she had been a pigtailed, worshipping nuisance. At fifteen she jeered at any advice he dared to offer. Seventeen gave her the privilege of criticizing his ties, beliefs, habits and physical structure. Now, she was a mystifying combination of each previous state, an enigma, a thorn in the flesh, a lovely, dreamy creature, a hard-bitten fox-hunter—in short, a woman. . . . Plunket sighed at the vision and drank his ale.

"What sort of line does this bounder own?" Cotter asked belligerently.

"He's a—ah—photographer," Cromwell Deckard said. "The artist type; snaps dewdrops on spider webs."

"God bless my soul," roared Cotter, shaken to the heels of his Newmarket boots by this information. "Sam! Brandy!"

Sam, the colored steward, came in with bottle and glasses. Cotter took a long, steadying drink.

"What's his name?" Cotter asked.

"Stephen Stevens," Deckard said.

"Where'd she run him to earth?"

"Cub didn't," Plunket said suddenly. "Her mother did. In New Mexico."

"Confound Mazie Dixon," grumbled Cotter. "Magpie,

that's what she is. Scuttles all over the globe pickin' up what-chu-may-call-its."

Plunket and Deckard nodded agreement. Mrs. Dixon's blithe and generous nature was a honeypot to eccentric characters. Surrealist painters, lower-case poets, parachute jumpers, house-broken radicals; each was sheltered, fed and displayed for a turn or two with the Ming tea service, afterward to vanish in a gulf so profound, no echo of his name returned. And if a few silver spoons accompanied the departing guest, it was merely because all artists love nice things.

"Mazie's sound enough, of course," old Cotter said. "Heart of gold, if brain of a rabbit. Lonely, I guess, since the day Cub's daddy didn't make that ditch. . . . Now, there was a huntin' man. No fence too big, no run too fast." He paused, shaking his head, his old eyes turned back upon the past. "Well, the grave of the horseman is always open, as they say. Still, Alex Dixon must be writhin' in his coffin over this photographin' business. Just the reason he put that codicil to his will. . . ." Cotter stopped abruptly, glancing at the other two. Plunket was bemused with his personal problem; Deckard's handsome face was expressionless. "Damned serious," Cotter concluded.

The case of Stephen Stevens had not followed the well-established Dixon formula. Never before had Cub shown more than a polite interest in the collector's items inhabiting the guest suite. Her attitude had been one of indulgent amusement and mature understanding of her mother's foibles. But this time it seemed that she might share the fate of her mother's jewels.

It had begun, Plunket decided gloomily, on the day he had tried to prevent Cub from having another try at that tremendous fence in the lower pasture. When he forbade her, she had stared at him in amazement. She tilted her nose like a fox challenging the moon and put her horse at the fence. In the last stride he refused. Cub had gone on over in a whirl of hat and boots. For a moment Plunket had been scared stiff. She'd gotten up at once. Relief turned his fright to anger. "Told you so," he said. She'd walked away in a towering rage. Next thing, he'd heard this camera menace was in view and Cub had renounced fox-hunting for photography.

"Well, well, well," barked old Cotter. "Crom here's a lawyer chap. Used to handlin' bad fields. Suggest somethin', can't you?"

Cromwell Deckard drawled, "One could hardly call this a—ah—legal case. It might be managed, of course. How about one of us having a try at riding him off?"





*Plunket gazed in despair toward the finish line. Cub was being presented to the victorious Stevens*

Without Cub realizing it—It'd have to be that way."

"Idea there," Cotter said frowning. "What about Plunk, here? Two-year-old. Full of zip and go."

Plunket made an inarticulate sound of protest. Subterfuge always threw him into confusion.

"He needs a bit more schooling," Deckard said.

"So?" bellowed Cotter. "Can't say the same for you, Crom. Why don't you have a try yourself?"

"I—ah—might. Not seriously, of course. Just a temporary lien, shall we say?"

"Good!" roared Cotter. "Twenty years younger, have a go on my own. Wonderful gal, Cub. Got to keep her in the home paddock. Obligation. Sound plan, eh, Plunk?"

Plunket stared at his empty cup. He didn't like the idea and he couldn't tell why. Nor could he think of anything to suggest.

"I'll drop around and get the lie of the—ah—country," Deckard said. He tapped a spot of mud from his boots and went out, his twill breeches making a sibilant rustling. Like a serpent writhing through the dry thickets of the law, Plunket thought, in a flight of fancy that startled him.

"**S**ORRY you didn't want to take a hand," Cotter said to Plunket. "Always thought you and Cub hit it off pretty well."

"We fight all the time lately," Plunket answered despondently. "Don't understand her any more."

"Some fillies need to be gentled."

"Not Cub. A firm rein every minute."

"Hum, perhaps." He peered at the young man from under bushy, anxious brows. "Hear Crom's been hard hit lately."

Plunket looked up in surprise.

"Money, you mean?"

"Dabbles in stocks, you know. Caught once before. Free spender. . . . Well, well, babblin' like a green hound. Nothin' in it, probably. You an' me huntin' men. Crom's lawyer schoolin' needed here. Used to devious ways, cunning, pittin' of brain against brain. See you later."

Plunket hacked his mare disconsolately up the valley. With a week gone, Cub had shown no signs of returning. When he saw Deckard, that gentleman merely remarked, "Everything going—ah—nicely. Expect to issue a writ of habeas corpus any day," and went on his

way with what seemed to Plunket a needless amount of hurry.

Of course, it was the sensible thing to select Deckard, as old Cotter had seen at once. He had a way with women; young and old alike fell for him. Always looked as though he was on his way to a spit and polish meet. Wasn't more than thirty-eight or nine. About the same age as Cub's mother, Plunket thought, and was startled for a moment.

Still, it wasn't as if Deckard intended to marry Cub. And Plunket ought not to object to anything that would bring her to heel. The last weeks of hunting had been pretty flat without the flaming banner of Cub's hair leading the field.

But there had been a definitely eager and satisfied swagger to Deckard's lean back as he walked out of the club that day; like a man who sees enticing vistas opening unexpectedly before him. And old Cotter's remark about Cromwell's financial difficulties kept churning around in Plunket's mind.

A high, clear voice called, "My dear, *must* you ride that quadruped over *all* the newly-sown grass?"

Plunket jerked his head up to find himself on the edge of the gardens at the rear of the Dixon house. Cub's mother stood among the last of the Fall flowers, wig-wagging frantically with a handful of zinnias.

Her appearance never failed to startle him. In a hunting country, where most of the women were bi-ped as the men, she was an anomaly in chiffons or velvet, enormous hats, ribbons and laces. Hard to believe, Plunket thought, she was Cub's mother.

"Sorry," he said, and added automatically, "Cub about?"

No sooner were the words out when he felt a vast relief and knew he had been longing to see Cub himself, to try and patch up their differences.

"Deborah's with Stephen," Mazie Dixon said. "They're snapping a few pix. . . ."

"Pix?"

"Pix. You should see what that extraordinary boy does. The Dali of the camera, I call him. I'll show you a few. . . ."

Plunket touched the mare with his spur. She gave a leap of surprise and indignation. Mrs. Dixon screamed faintly.

"Can't hold her. Sorry," called Plunket. "Back later."

"Come in a *car*," cried Mrs. Dixon. "In a nice, quiet car that runs on a *road*."

Plunket was already out of hearing. He soothed the mare, feeling shattered as he always did after an encounter with Cub's mother. He glanced back and to his amazement saw Cromwell Deckard's canary-colored roadster standing in the circular parking space between the house and garage. Now, what the devil did that mean? If Deckard were with Cub and the camera chap, surely Mrs. Dixon would have mentioned it. And if he weren't, he must be in the house. And if he were in the house. . . . Plunket owned himself at complete check. He slapped the mare and turned homeward.

At that moment a savage yell arose, apparently out of the depths of the earth. Plunket pulled up short.





From under a clump of bushes Cub's pointed face glared at him.

"Get back," she hissed. "Stand still."

Plunket was incapable of thought or movement.

Cub lay flat on her stomach in the tangle. Best she stretched a long male figure clad in a red and yellow checked shirt and gray slacks. A small camera covered one-half of the figure's face. It was focused apparently on a little mound of dry dirt. Stephen Stevens, the photographing chap, of course, Plunket's stunned mind recorded.

"Too late!" said Stevens dolefully.

He lowered the camera and glanced sorrowfully at Cub. A lock of wavy blond hair dangled over his forehead. His eyes were large and brown and candid. He looked very young.

"Blast," Cub said furiously. "Why must you come thundering along. . . ."

"Not thundering," Plunket protested. "Not even cantering. Slow walk."

"Well, you scared Stephen's subject."

Plunket replied that he was sorry. He had been saying it all afternoon and resentment stirred in him. "Might introduce us," he said.

"Mr. Stevens, Mr. Sewell," Cub said ungraciously. "I'm sure you have nothing in common."

"Can't ever tell," Plunket said. He made a gesture toward the amenities. "What was the subject I scared?"

Stevens uncoiled his long legs and got up. He had wide shoulders and was as tall as Plunket.

"A female spider," he said.

"Devouring its mate," Cub said.

"Very thrilling and most unusual," said Stevens.

"Simply entrancing," said Cub.

Plunket shuddered violently. He hated spiders.

"All is grist to the mill of the artist," Stevens explained politely. "Life, death, cannibalism. . . . Would you mind if I take a pic of your horse's ear?" At Plunket's look of bewilderment, he added, "Equine character is expressed completely in the ear. As a horseman, you. . . ."

"Stevie," cried Cub, "she's back at table."

While Plunket clung limply to his mount's withers, Stevens dropped to his knees and began to stalk the zoological tragedy taking place beneath the bushes. Cub wiggled ecstatically beside him. She shot a glance upward to Plunket's harrowed face and edged closer to Stevens. The camera emitted a series of faint, clicking sounds. Cub's lips parted in rapture.

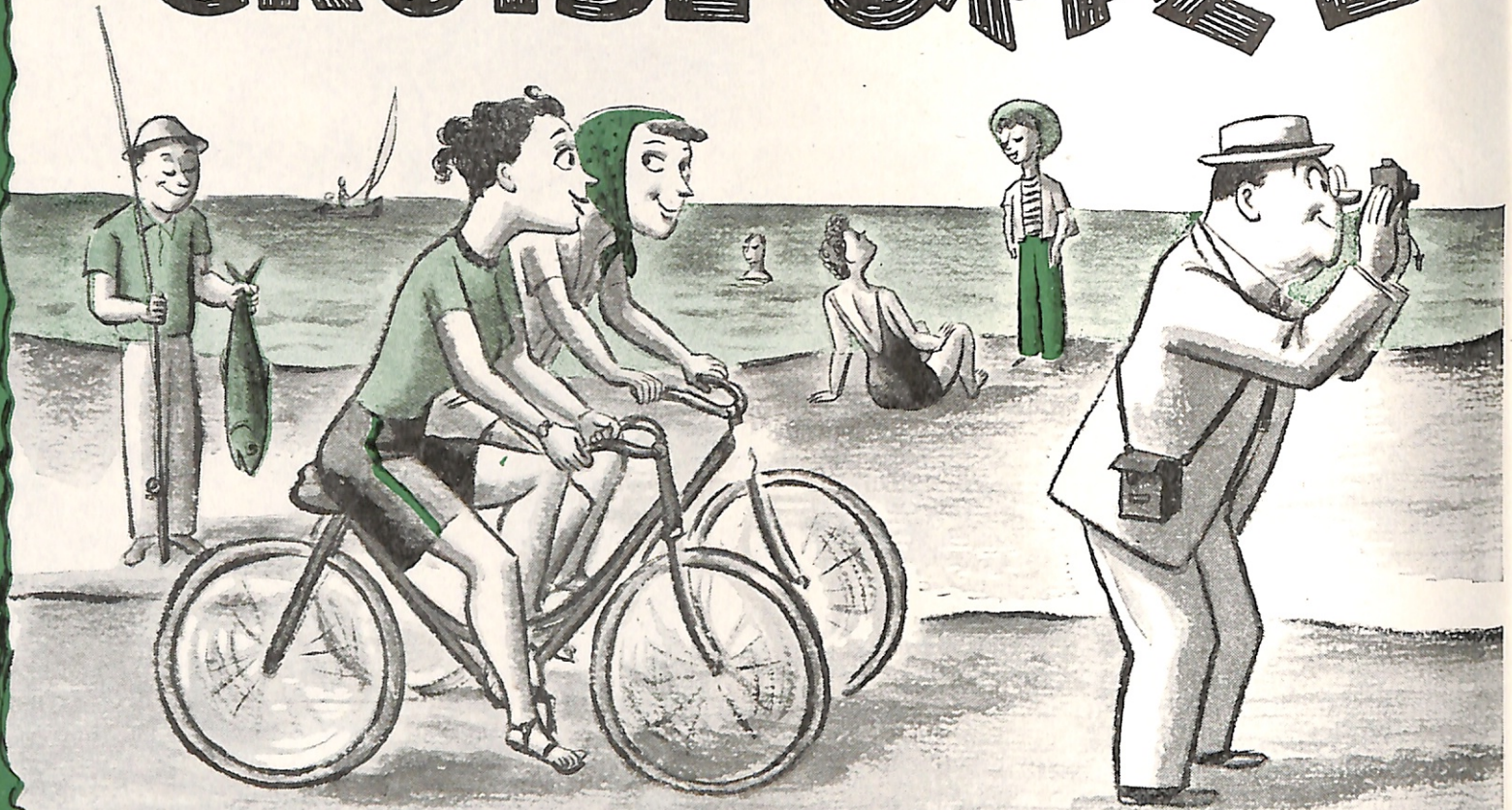
"He's gone," she said.

Plunket's shoulders sagged. He turned the mare and went at a hard gallop across the valley. The mechanism of his being had been monkey-wrenched by a red-haired saboteuse. Imagine any man trying to cope with a creature like that. Why, he'd be . . . he'd be devoured on his wedding day.

Plunket came late to the club on the night of the Hunter's Moon dance. He hadn't intended to go. All day he had stall-walked gloomily, engaged in a fruitless argument between desire and reason. "She doesn't want to see you," he told himself. (Continued on page 39)



# CRUISE CRAZE



by Kent Richards

Illustrated by WILLIAM STEIG

**B**ACK IN 1930, at the behest of an enterprising steamship agency, a promising young advertising copywriter warmed up his typewriter, kicked his imagination off into space, and evolved the adult substitute for a trip to Fairyland. It went something like this. . . .

"Throw back your head—relax—and let the warm southern breezes waft your cares away. Float lazily along the Gulf Stream to Spain in Old World Havana; to France in Martinique; to England in Jamaica. For twelve long days at sea, let care slide from your shoulders and give place to sparkling gaiety, to the romance of foreign lands, to the lure of the sapphire-blue Caribbean. Have every moment filled with life and laughter—dance at night under a canopy of moon and stars. . . ."

And so the cruise business was born.

In that year 20,000 people went South on cruises. This season has seen nearly five hundred winter cruises leave the eastern seaboard carrying 150,000 starry-eyed Americans in search of sparkling gaiety and the romance of foreign lands. They will pay anywhere from \$50 to \$5,000 each for a trip of from four to fifty days. And while the chance for the great majority to realize their romantic dreams is exceedingly remote, there is even



*Eight years ago someone had an idea. Read about it—and let the cruise bug bite you*





less chance that any of them will have been disappointed when they return home. To their friends they will say, "Oh, my dear, it was wonderful," and then, with many sighs and dreamy looks, proceed to embellish the exaggerated and very generalized account which had already taken shape in their minds. When they have their friends fairly drooling with envy, they will top it off with, "But it's simply indescribably wonderful. You and Horace really must go next year."

And if you happen to be Horace, you go!

The result will depend pretty much on you. If you happen to know how to enjoy your leisure, you will like it. You will have a swell time. But if you don't know how to play, you *may* spend ten or twelve days overeating, and sniffing salt air.

Somehow, short, popular-priced cruises have gained the reputation of providing the vacation which can't fail to deliver. It's like the trip to Honolulu. Nobody ever went to Honolulu without being thrilled to the soul. It can't happen. There is something inherent in all Americans which makes them responsive to Honolulu from the moment they are born. After a generation or two, a similar reaction may be developed toward cruises.

Present-day popular cruises are an outgrowth of a business which has had a long and pleasant history. Booking passengers on cruises, old-style, was almost wholly a luxury business. Well-to-do people patronized the tourist agencies and calmly and leisurely discussed the places to go, what to see and what to wear. In the old days, price was seldom mentioned in a cruise advertisement, apparently not being considered in good taste. Often there was no mention of the length of the cruise, and Havana was considered just another West Indies

port along the way. Most everybody went to the Mediterranean, anyhow.

But early in 1930, the first glowing promise of the modern short cruise began to flow from the pens of the imaginative copywriters. They were crude efforts, these first ads. One of them in February described the joy of being on an eight-day cruise to Bermuda, on a trans-Atlantic liner, for \$175. Then underneath, in much smaller type, was the afterthought: "Other accommodations down to as low as \$70."

By the end of 1930 one enterprising company had taken the bull completely by the horns. With every adjective of less than three syllables which was synonymous with lazy, warm, romantic, gay, beautiful and sparkling, they painted in huge advertisements the delights of a cruise on the Caribbean. They used pictures of palm trees, trans-Atlantic liners, pretty girls and virile men. Unmentioned, but not entirely overlooked by the readers, was the possibility of getting out beyond prohibition's twelve-mile limit as soon as the boat left the pier. The adjectives, the pictures and the prospect of real liquor proved strong temptation. But there was a temptation which was greater, even, than that. It was one which proved irresistible to thousands. The price.

For this company agreed to deliver what must have seemed to many readers to be a lifetime of romance, a world tour, safe inebriation, a good sun-tan and an attractive mate, all in eleven days for the paltry sum of \$95, and up.

When those ads broke in New York Sunday newspapers, tens of thousands of stenographers and clerks, Park Avenue heiresses and vice-presidents spent a large part of Sunday afternoon poring over them and dreaming their little dream. It was terrific. Nothing like it had hit New York since Tex Rickard announced the first Battle of the Century. As somebody observed, it was colossal.

**E**XPERIENCED cruise men accustomed to selling de luxe accommodations around the world, to the Far East and to the Mediterranean, were aghast. They said it couldn't be done. But when the ads packed them into capacity and more big, trans-Atlantic liners had to be chartered to handle the business, they admitted that there might be something in it, after all. Inside of a year or two, all of them were on the bandwagon.

Aside from freighter voyages, there are two kinds of Caribbean cruises, one of which isn't a cruise at all. Strictly speaking, a cruise is a trip on a ship which follows a special route for a particular voyage and for a select and limited number of passengers. The passengers are members of the cruise party, just as a group on a private yacht are the members of a yachting cruise, and the itinerary and shore excursions are arranged for their pleasure. Cruise ships prefer not to carry passengers merely from one port to another along their route.

The other kind of cruise boat—the type which isn't—includes all those ships which are operated on regular runs in and around the Caribbean. Frequently they stop at the more popular cruise ports, and a few of them are as luxurious as the best of their cruise cousins. But to cruise men they are merely cargo and passenger boats, and the fact that they advertise their regular runs as "cruises" makes some people pretty mad.

"What would happen," they ask heatedly, "if every European sailing were advertised as a cruise? Why . . . why . . . it would be ridiculous!"

And so it would, but nevertheless, the magic word "cruise" draws the customers, and many of the little Caribbean boats have been getting more passenger revenue during the depression and the recession than ever before. Of the five hundred so-called cruises which will leave the eastern coastal ports this season only one hundred and two are cruises in the strict sense.

For one reason or another, cruise itineraries have become fairly well standardized. With an almost endless number of Caribbean ports and West Indies islands to draw from, it would seem that a tremendous variety might be offered in even the very short cruises. There are several factors which put definite limits on the number of places which can be visited, however. One of



these is the water supply. Frequently cruise ships must take on water en route and an adequate supply of good water is essential. Fuel is another consideration. On a cruise lasting twenty days or more, fuel supply becomes a real problem and sometimes it is necessary to send an oil tanker a thousand miles to provide a supply for a cruise ship which is visiting ports remote from normal sources. It costs money to send a load of fuel a thousand miles.

Another point of importance is the depth and nature of the harbor. Many picturesque little ports in the Caribbean cannot accommodate a boat which draws fifteen or twenty feet of water, let alone some of the large ships. As passengers are almost invariably landed by motor launch, the harbor must be sufficiently protected so that the launch can make the dock without alarming the timid souls who might be aboard.

Last, and not always least important, is the entertainment of the passengers. You don't turn loose a swarm of from five hundred to a thousand seekers-for-romance on a shore where they have some expectation, but absolutely no hope of finding it, without some provision for keeping them out of mischief. There have to be places for them to see, places where they can buy souvenirs with a completely ineffectual you-can't-sell-me-anything-for-more-than-it's-worth look on their faces, and places where they can have a drink and "discover" some new concoction which may be God-awful, but which will be described at home as a delicious ambrosia, one which quenched a raging thirst, cooled a perspiring brow, induced a glow of good feeling and washed out your undershirt, all at once. There have never been drinks anywhere like those which are mixed in the imagination after a cruise. Always they come from "a place down a side street, where none of the others went. What was the name of it Helen . . . ? That little place in that second port we stopped at—"

The itineraries of the short, popular cruises usually include two, three or four ports. Four is about the maximum which can be reached in less than two weeks. On cruises of eighteen to twenty days as many as ten ports may be visited. Almost invariably included in the list of stops in the Capital City of the Pearl of



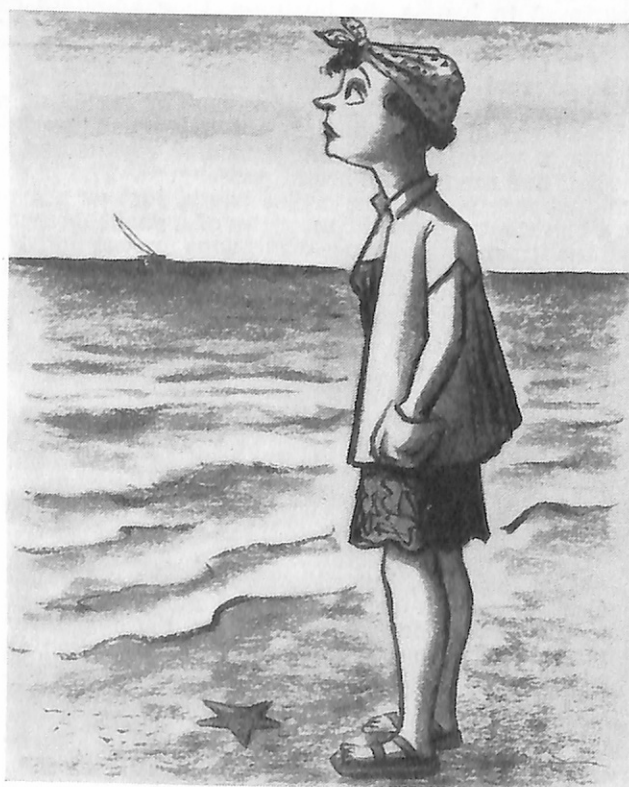
*In the early thirties one of the reasons for going on cruises was to soak up a lot of good liquor.*

Antilles, as some of the guide books, with their absolute inability to call anything merely by its name, refer to Havana. In fact, Havana has, almost single-handed, made the Caribbean cruise business possible. Seventy-five percent of all the real cruise boats stop there and for many of them it is the *pièce de résistance* of the trip. It is gay. It is Old World. It has flesh-pots and daiquiri cocktails and horse-racing and dark, exotic women of a rare beauty seldom seen in Kokomozo. Or, for that matter, in Havana. It has the Tropical Gardens and once had free beer. It has *jai alai* and voodoo. It has, in fact, enough attractions to stock three or four of the West Indies islands, with enough left over to do rather a good job on one or two of the lesser Antilles.

On the two-port cruises, the other stop is usually Nassau. Where there are three ports, Kingston, Nassau and Havana are generally selected, although only Havana can be counted on. Cruises with four or more ports might go almost anywhere, depending on the speed of the boat and the length of the cruise. A good boat can make Bermuda and return to New York in four days, but there won't be much time ashore in Bermuda. It takes about eight days to do Nassau and Havana and a minimum of ten to make the Nassau-Kingston-Havana circuit. In twelve days a good ship can make the Panama Canal and give you a quick look at three other ports. There won't be time enough to do Havana, though. Anything less than eighteen hours in that gay, Old World capital means just that much less time at Sloppy Joe's. And to many a cruiser to Havana, the time not spent in raucous conviviality at Sloppy Joe's is just that much time wasted.

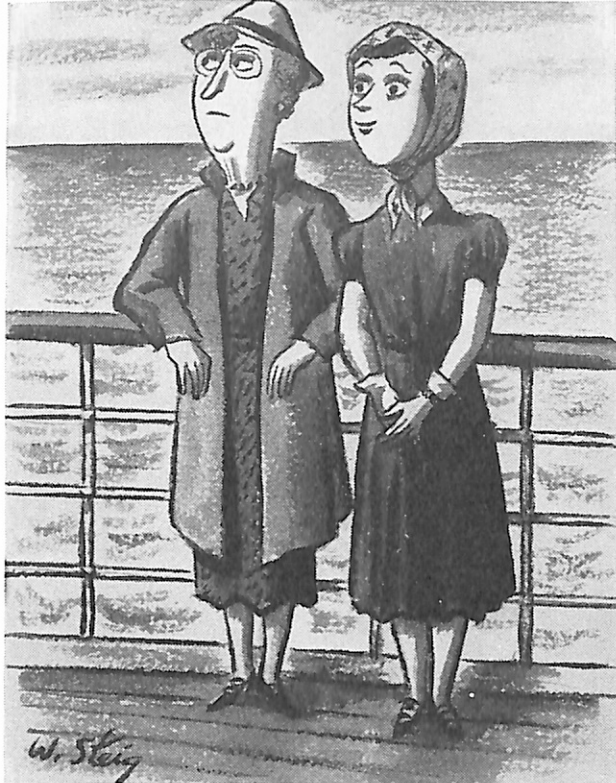
The cost of a cruise varies from practically nothing to almost anything. The cheapest *bona fide* cruise accommodations this season are those for a five-day trip to Bermuda at \$50. In theory, anybody can take a cruise who has enough thrift and romance to save a dollar a week for a year. Omitting the long cruises such as the Mediterranean, round-the-world and round South America, which take more than thirty days and may cost from \$500 to \$16,750, the most expensive short cruise accommodations are to be found on the *Nor-mandie's* cruise to Rio. On this luxurious liner, two people may pay up to \$6,150 for accommodations for a twenty-four-day trip, meals included, of course. This works out to something like \$130 per day per person, liquor, taxes, tips and shore excursions extra.

The cost of short cruises depends to a large extent



*If you don't know how to play you may spend ten or twelve days sniffing salt air.*





*Some of them looking for a mate and some of them looking for mates for their daughters.*

on the popularity of the boat. Currently, the lowest minimum rate quoted is \$10 a day and the highest minimum is about \$20. Two ships offering the same cruise itinerary and the same length of trip may vary by as much as thirty percent in their minimum fares. On the average, the minimum is now around \$12 a day. This usually goes whether the trip lasts eight days or whether it lasts eighteen. A few years ago the average was about \$10. Probably the least expensive cruise ever run was a thirteen-day-trip for \$95 in 1931. That was \$7.30 a day. During the same winter a boat made a round trip to Bermuda for a minimum of \$7.06 a day. That ship lay in the harbor for five days, however, so it was not really a cruise. During the summer Caribbean cruises are now sold at a huge discount over winter prices.

**SOME** cruises are run by the steamship companies themselves, some are "managed" by tourist agencies. In the past, these agencies frequently chartered ships and ran them under their own auspices. They do not charter them outright today, however, although they often provide entertainment and shore excursions, as well as a staff of people especially engaged and trained to keep the passengers busy. Their exceedingly complicated contracts with the steamship companies now usually result in joint sponsorship of a cruise, with a split of responsibility and loss if it doesn't come off. The tourist agency puts its sales advertising and publicity organization aggressively to work on that particular cruise, and, if it has a following of customers, can be very successful in selling the accommodations. Other agents may sell that same cruise also, but they get only the regular commission. Every arrangement of this kind is a separate deal, entered into usually about a year in advance and calls for the payment to the steamship company of from \$2,000 to \$20,000 for every day the ship is out of New York. The steamship company supplies the food. Arrangements regarding wines and liquors vary slightly, but ordinarily the tourist agency buys them wholesale from the company and sells them to the passengers at regular rates.

The types of people who go on cruises are as varied as the types of people who have from \$100 to \$10,000 to spend on a winter vacation. Although the great bulk of the business comes from the Atlantic Coast from Richmond to Boston, and more than half from within one



*"Oh, my dear, it was simply wonderful! You and Horace really must go next year!"*

hundred miles of New York, people do go on cruises from everywhere in the United States. Naturally, people do not come from California to spend \$50 on a week-end joy-ride to Bermuda. Those who come from a distance are usually to be found on the cruises of fifteen days or more, unless, as sometimes happens, they include a week or so on the be-jewelled Caribbean as part of their annual trip to New York.

Many cruise passengers are women, some of them looking for a mate and some of them looking for mates for their daughters. Many of them are looking for the romantic excitement hinted at in the folders and advertisements. The rest are either elderly or accompanied by their husbands. The number of women who go on cruises for a rest, or because travel is broadening, is negligible and would be reported by a weather man as "only a trace".

On the other hand, the number of men who go on cruises for reasons of health or erudition is negligible also. If possible, it is even smaller than the number of women. Men on cruises are notoriously careless of their health and almost invariably fail to notice anything which might conceivably add to their mental stature. Principally, men go for three reasons—to satisfy a great longing for the sea, which is characteristic of many land-locked men; to get away from it all, where there is no chance of being worried and a good chance of having fun, and, thirdly, because their wives want to go. Once in a while there will be a male who starts on a cruise with the idea of slaying a bevy of luscious beauties. The magazine *Fortune* calls this type of masculine hero an airedale and pictures him spending most of his time on the trip going over the boat sniffing.

**H**OWEVER, if a man wants a quantity of women to look over he can usually find them on a cruise, tastefully gowned and hatted for the fray and with an eager look in the eye. Any aspiring Don Juan who thinks they are immediately going to jump into his lap has another think coming, however. There is something about the moon and the sea air and the Old World flavor of things which makes them want to be wooed with courtliness and deliberation. What with shore excursions, the cruise director, a general lazy feeling and a lot of other distractions, it's pretty difficult to concentrate on wooing with courtliness and deliberation on a twelve-day trip. As a result, (Continued on page 48)

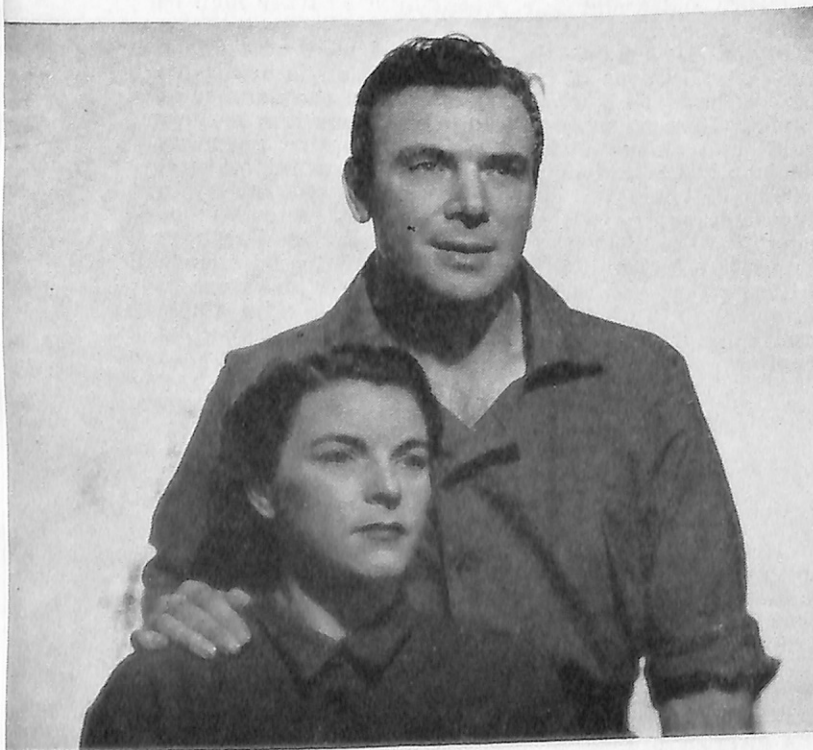




*Above: Charles Boyer practices his Gallic wiles on a pensive and lovely Irene Dunne in "Love Affair". Miss Dunne, one suspects, is just before succumbing. "Love affair" has considerable romance and pathos, and will be liked by the ladies.*

*Right: In one of the most exciting and provocative films of the year are Clark Gable and, curiously be-wigged and be-dizened, Norma Shearer. The film, "Idiot's Delight", is the cinema version of a Broadway play which made dramatic history in New York and London. Mr. Gable, as a song-and-dance man traveling in Europe with a troupe of chorus girls, and Miss Shearer, as a foreign adventuress, are caught in an aerial war waged by the dictator powers. "Idiot's Delight" is a witty, timely and thoughtful film.*

*Below are Dean Jagger and Katherine Emery as they appeared in "Everywhere I Roam", a short-lived, stylized saga of America between 1840 and 1930. It is the contention of the playwright, Marc Connelly, that the cure for all our ills is to go back to the soil.*



# Show business





Above are Laurette Taylor, Vincent Price and Bramwell Fletcher in the finest play to be produced on Broadway this year. It is a revival of "Outward Bound", and the cast, the critics and the audience have a field day with it. "Outward Bound" is the story of eight curiously assorted persons who find themselves alone on an ocean liner, bound for they know not where. Gradually it dawns on them that they are all dead, and they find they must pass an "examination" before they can reach their destination. This is a wise and moving and absorbing play, and can be unreservedly recommended to all.



Above, right: A portrait of the beautiful Miss Loretta Young as she appears over a dish of mashed potatoes, in "Wife, Husband and Friend". Wherein the marriage of a former brick-layer and a society girl is smashed by her ambition to become a singer even though she can't sing. The problem is almost solved, but not quite, by her husband, Warner Baxter, becoming a singer instead.



Right are Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Risdon and Sarah Edwards in a scene from MGM's "Huckleberry Finn", the famous American story by Mark Twain. Young Mr. Rooney is admirably cast as "Huck", while Rex Ingram goes to town with the part of "Jim", the run-away slave. Even condensed, as it must necessarily be for the films, this version of "Huckleberry Finn" proves again what a fool-proof story Mr. Twain left with us.



Right are America's darling, the eminent Miss Shirley Temple, and Mary Nash, as they appear in "The Little Princess", wherein the eminent Miss Temple again goes from riches to rags and back again. After sorting out the tangled affairs of a pair of lovers, H. R. H. Shirley becomes palsie-walsies with the Queen of England instead of Bill Robinson.



IN small places like Deep Creek—off the through highway, sixty-four miles from the railroad (fifty-five across the desert, in summer)—there is still to be found the old and elemental struggle between two men; unvarnished, uncorrupted, primitive, as simple as the strength of a man's right arm. Such was the rivalry between Chuck Elton and Hod White.

The tales of Chuck Elton and Hod White were almost a saga by the time the two were barely able to vote. They tell how Chuck was helping three men get a pool table through a hallway at Wendover. The heavy table had to go sideways at an angle through two doors, in cramped quarters. "I'll take this end and you boys take the other," Chuck said. It just seemed the simple way to Chuck. And they tell about Hod White with a halter rope in his hands and his belly against a pine, his saddle horse floundering over the lip of a cliff on the other end of the rope. "Didn't get him up; the rope busted," said Hod. They tell how a couple of sheepherders working for his father decided to drink Chuck under, over at Charlie Jones' place on the State line. Old Charlie Jones had a short leg, as a heritage of bronc busting, and he filled Chuck Elton's glass full and the sheepherders' glasses half full. Chuck didn't bat an eye. He took drink for drink, carried the other two boys, one on each shoulder, out to the buckboard and drove home; yet Chuck wasn't a drinker.

It was somehow inevitable in a place like Deep Creek that Chuck Elton and Hod White should clash, and the ranchers and dry-farmers of the long sage valley waited, nursing out the long, slow suspense, and let the dust of many little things settle on the outward amiability of the two until this very dust had a weight that strained the truce to the breaking point. With years of perspective, these people knew that the coming of Betty Ellen Smith was insignificant, really, and that the transport plane lost in the mountains was merely a pebble dropped on the heavy dust. For who can blame a rabbit hopping across a slope for starting an avalanche?

Between Chuck and Hod there was a surface friendliness that was merely a shade too carefully casual. They neither sought nor avoided each other, and they both rode in to Erickson's store to see the new school teacher, as did every unattached young buck in the valley, the night Betty Ellen Smith arrived. The coming of the school teacher each fall was a big event in Deep Creek, and the mortality rate was high. A school teacher rarely lasted a full year. Generally around Christmas holidays there would be a new recruit, as the old one packed off to a dry farm or sheep ranch, married. There were two teachers for the school that stood, the only brick structure in the valley, on the greasewood flat a short way east of Erickson's. Old Specks Littledyke had a pension on the upper four grades, but something fresh and feminine would come out each time a new recruit was needed for the lower four.

CHUCK reached the store that night while a salesman was putting the boys' arms down on the counter. Hod White was already there. The salesman was a big man, strong in the way a fat man can be, and he had the knack. He was putting the boys' arms down for a dollar a put, until he had no more takers.

"Well, stranger," he said to Hod White, "you look husky enough. How about it?"

"All right," Hod said. He put the fat man's arm down. He put it down again for five dollars.

The salesman looked at his hand wonderingly, and turned to Chuck Elton. "Might as well make a clean sweep out of it. You seen what he did. Easy money."

"I don't want your money," Chuck said. But it was more than that. He and Hod White carefully avoided small competition with each other.

"You think a lot of yourself, son," the salesman said. He was stung by his defeat by Hod. "Did your mama just give you a dollar to splurge on the new teacher, and you hate to lose it?"

"Maybe," said Chuck, and he put his elbow on the counter. He slammed the salesman's fist down hard enough to break the white skin on the knuckles. The



salesman breathed slowly on his knuckles, surveying Chuck, and then his eyes went to Hod. There was no sound in the store except for the hiss of the gasoline lanterns.

"Why don't you two have a go at it?" the salesman asked.

The rattle of Erickson's old car drifted in through the silence. The new teacher would be in that car. But nobody went out on the porch for a look. They all were waiting, watching, wondering if this little thing would be the item to bring Chuck Elton and Hod White together in struggle. The car stopped, and Erickson brought Betty Ellen Smith in and introduced her.

"I'll go see if the wife has your room fixed up, Miss Smith," Erickson said and crossed the road from the store to his house.

There was a little sporadic talk about the weather. Tongues were tight, because Betty Ellen Smith was pretty enough that a terrific battle was in prospect if she were to withstand the amorous campaign until Christmas vacation. She had dark hair and large eyes, a rather full mouth and fine teeth. Her skin obviously had withstood no winds such as came over the sage and greasewood down the long Deep Creek valley.

"It's—sort of quiet here," she offered when the weather was exhausted. "I've never been in so small a place before. What do you do here for amusement?"

"They just make their own amusement around here," the fat salesman said. "Right now we were putting down arms."



# THE STRONG

*A story of the struggle of two strong men who couldn't be beaten, and how each man won—in his own way*

by Samuel W. Taylor

*Illustrated by* GEORGE HOWE



"Putting down arms? What in goodness is that?"

"Well, a man puts his elbow on the counter and takes hold of another man's hand who is likewise, and each tries to put the other man's hand down onto the counter. These here two"—indicating Hod and Chuck—"were just getting ready to start in when you come."

"Then I'm glad I got here in time," Betty Ellen Smith said innocently. "I hope it's something a woman can watch."

Smaller pebbles than that have fallen to break the truce between two men.

Chuck Elton and Hod White looked at each other, and not with anticipation. Only a man of strength knows how strength can be, and can respect it. With a taut, careful deliberation they took their places, elbows on the counter, watching each other's eyes. Their hands were large; Chuck's was lean, big of joint, long-fingered, deeply browned, grown with short black hairs on the backs of the fingers—a hand that could grub willows along the creek all day and yet rest gently as down on the neck of a frightened horse; Hod's hand was almost square, stubby, thick, red, rather than brown, heavily furred with bleached white hair. It was a hand without subtlety or compromise.

The hands clasped, gripped, and the strain threw the wrist tendons and veins into relief. The shirts moved as muscles bunched at the shoulders. The strain came up the neck cords, swirled at jaw muscles, pushed a great vein upon the foreheads. There was a moment of gigantic, motionless tension, and then the clasped fists began trembling with a straining power that made the whole counter quiver under its load of overalls, harness, cheese and saddle blankets. The curved glass candy case near the end began rattling, and that was the only sound above the lantern hiss until the struggling men expelled great whistling breaths simultaneously.

The men in the store watched, noting each inch advantage gained first by one arm and then the other, treasuring and remembering each minute shift in the tide of battle. The men felt a privilege and a responsibility in being witnesses, for victory in so small a thing might mean the decisive point in the long, slow rivalry between Chuck Elton and Hod White. Betty Ellen Smith watched with her wide, fresh eyes, eagerly at first, and breathlessly, for she had come from urban centers where physical strife is confined, except for a

little two- or three-blow brawling behind dance halls, to stereotyped rules of organized sport, and where men compete in the making of money, getting of jobs, owning of cars. Here was something as simple as the strength of a man's right arm. And perhaps she began to sense something of the magnitude of this simple struggle, for as these great locked fists fought one another, something of the eagerness went from her face, and something of fear came to her large eyes.

The two men were gasping now, sweat glistening on iron faces, staining through the shirt shoulders, and the clasped fists had steadied down to a slow, inverted pendulum moving a very few degrees on either side of the vertical.

Erickson came in, saying, "The room is ready, Miss—" His voice died, and he watched.

By this time the struggle was

*Hod's snowshoes began sliding down toward a sheer drop. He rammed an elbow through the snow crust to stop himself.*



a question of nerve, of reserve, of the deep wells of will. The first great surge of raw power cannot last long unless the will drives shrieking muscles; a minute of this concentrated strain equals an hour of intermittent effort.

"I—don't think I like it," came Betty Ellen Smith's voice huskily. "Please stop. Please."

Can a rabbit stop the avalanche its small feet have started?

The salesman's fat face was lax, with the mouth open loosely. "Never seen nothing like it," he muttered.

Then the girl moved. She took hold of those great, corded wrists with her white hands. "If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not see the rest of it."

They relaxed, inchingly; their hands unclasped.

"Nice grip, Hod," said Chuck Elton.

"You're pretty stout," said Hod White.

Chuck and Hod had kept away from each other's girls. It was a question of who staked the first claim. The following evening they met at the forks of the road, both heading for Erickson's, and each was too stubborn to back down. They rode in together, sat together in the Erickson parlor while Betty Ellen Smith played the new popular tunes for them on the piano. She asked if they played, and Chuck said, "I fool around a little." He played Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue", not perfectly, but with feeling and power.

"Oh—but that's marvelous!" Betty Ellen said a little breathlessly. "I didn't dream—why, you could be a concert pianist!"

Chuck grinned in his slow, tolerant way. "I just pick it up by ear."

Hod had been sitting stiffly, worrying a package between his stubby red hands. "Just fetched these over to show you," he said, unwrapping a pair of beaded buckskin gloves. "The Indians do it over at the Reservation."

"Why, that's marvelous beadwork," Betty Ellen Smith said, and she could be a little breathless about that, too.

"They ought to about fit you."

"But, Mr. White, I couldn't accept—"

"Oh, just borrow them. You'll need something for riding. I thought you'd maybe like to go riding tomorrow afternoon."

"Why, thank you. I'd love to."

After that, by tacit agreement, Hod called around to see her Tuesday nights; Chuck, Friday, and they both drifted in to Erickson's of a Sunday afternoon.

The first valley dance was at Thanksgiving, and as it approached, people would say casually, "Wonder who'll take the teacher?"

The schoolhouse had two large rooms with a big cedar-burning stove in each. The desks had been stacked in the south room, and the candles shaved onto the floor of the north. Betty Ellen Smith came afoot the quarter mile from Erickson's, Hod on one side, Chuck on the other. Hod looked the better dressed; he had no trouble getting a suit to fit his chunky figure. Chuck's sleeves always seemed a bit skimpy and his shirt twisted below the collar. The women had put the babies to bed in the south room and were heating a wash boiler for coffee, and old Matt Chapman, the postmaster, was putting his fiddle in tune in the north room. While



Betty Ellen was taking off her wraps, Hod and Chuck matched coins, and when Matt Chapman began sawing out *Eliza Jane*, Hod said, "May I have this dance, Ellen?"

With long arms folded, Chuck watched the dancing from the stag group around the big north room stove. Some Indians had come down from the Reservation to look on, and to watch where flasks were hidden in the brush outside; there was a contingent of males from Gold Hill, fifteen miles across the mountains. Chuck's dark eyes followed Betty Ellen, whose silver slippers seemed hardly to whisk the floor.

"They make a pair, don't they, Chuck?" It was Grab Skinner, the valley clown. "My big split hoofs—I was wondering whether or not to ask the teacher for a dance. Might tromple her to death." Grab Skinner laughed with his big loose mouth. "What d'you think, Chuck?"

"I don't think you'd better."

So the word got around, and until midnight, nobody but Hod and Chuck asked Betty Ellen for a dance.

"Last dance before supper!" Matt Chapman yelled. He gave his foot a couple of stomps and swung into *Turkey in the Straw*. As a special treat, Grab Skinner accompanied the fiddle with a mouth harp.

Hod went to claim his turn with Betty Ellen and saw her dancing with a young fellow from Gold Hill. Hod





*There was a moment of motionless tension, and then the clasped fists began trembling with a straining power that made the counter quiver.*

put stubby hands on hips and waited. The other four men from Gold Hill sauntered outside for a smoke. Chuck drifted out behind them. When the music stopped, Hod came out with the man who had been dancing with Betty Ellen, and the fellow was saying, "I'll dance with who I want to, and ask nobody's leave." Hod hustled him around to the back of the schoolhouse. The other four Gold Hill men strolled that way. Chuck remained by the side of the building, smoking his hand-rolled cigarette. When the dull thuds began, Chuck sauntered to the rear corner, leaned against it to watch. The man from Gold Hill was pretty nimble with his fists, but not nimble enough for Hod White.

"Are these Deep Creek rubes goin' to tell us who to dance with?" he snarled from the ground. The other four Gold Hill men moved in. Chuck flipped his cigarette away and walked into things.

Grab Skinner used to say afterwards, "I once seen a cougar in a tightfence corral with a wild mustang stallion. But that action was slow." Then he'd tell about the fight between Hod and Chuck and the five Gold Hill men. He'd tell it blow by blow, to the climax where four Gold Hill men were finished for the evening and the fifth was burning a path through the greasewood toward Gold Hill. Then he'd tell how Chuck said, "I wouldn't of horned in on your fight, Hod, but I seen

one of them trying to cold-deck you with a bottle."

Hod and Chuck strolled into the south room of the schoolhouse. Hod's coat was ripped down the back seam and Chuck had torn the right sleeve out of his. Chuck had a spot of his hide missing from his left cheekbone, and Hod's left eye was going shut. Betty Ellen Smith didn't notice a thing.

"I'll get a bench for us to sit on, Ellen," Hod said.

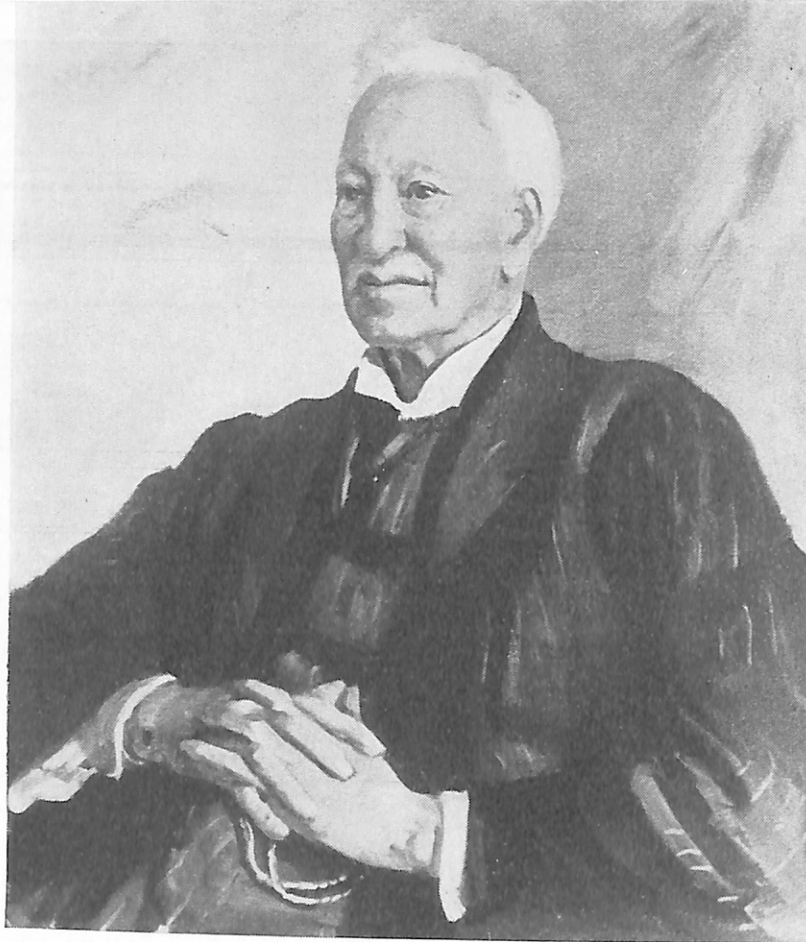
Chuck said, "I'll get some coffee, Betty."

They took her home early, before daylight. The dance broke up at noon.

The Christmas holidays came, and then the end of winter. Betty Ellen Smith went home for a summer and returned in the fall. She went home the next summer and came back the next fall. That a pretty teacher should last going on three years in Deep Creek was almost a matter of shame; there was some grumbling among the younger men. It was all right for Chuck and Hod to be both after the same girl, but why didn't they settle it and give somebody else a chance? The older people waited, knowing something would come up, knowing some small pebble would fall on the heavy dust.

The snow came deep, as it did about every fifth winter. Automobiles were drained and batteries taken inside until the breakup. (Continued on page 42)





*A portrait of Eden Phillpotts, author of more than a hundred books, many of them mysteries, whose latest, "Portrait of a Scoundrel", is published by Macmillan.*

the mind and spirit of the people; it cannot be legislated into existence. A clear understanding of modern problems is the first step in guarding American liberty. This book tells how one device has functioned and deserves to carry its message to many communities, for today the fight to make democracy safe for democracy needs the help of every American citizen.

#### Walt Whitman in Camden

Walt Whitman seems a long way off today, lost in the decades of the Civil War and after, while his poems in "Leaves of Grass" became solidly established as authentic American literature. But Logan Pearsall Smith remembers him well, for when Smith was a young man in Philadelphia his family unexpectedly became acquainted with Walt, who lived in Camden, New Jersey, across the river. Smith tells about it in his admirable reminiscences, "Unforgotten Years".

One Easter in the 1880's, Smith's sister Mary came back from college excited about the great poet who lived poor and almost forgotten in Camden, and announced she would visit him. Her father objected, on the grounds of decorum, but Mary said she would go anyway, so her father took her across in the family buggy, together with Logan Pearsall Smith, who was home from Haverford College. There the father liked Walt Whitman so much that he invited him to come back and visit them, and Walt did, staying a month. He was a gentle, genial man, and they liked him, even when he sang "Old Jim Crow" out loud in the bathroom. Walt used to wear a knitted vest and one day there were guests for dinner, so Walt, to do the honors, put on an overcoat. At another time the sister discovered the English critic, Edmund Gosse, on his way to visit Whitman and helped boost Gosse into a window of Whitman's house, because the poet was upstairs in his study and didn't open the door.

Smith writes with a light ironical touch, going over his memories, especially in Oxford. He has lived in England most of his life and thinks American writing is not what it ought to be. "Modern writing is mushroom writing", and authors are too greatly interested in money, says he. They ought to go in for "the pursuit of perfection". (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

#### "Life Class"; Cheerful Adventures

This man Ludwig Bemelmans certainly looks at life with twinkling eyes. His "Life Class" is proof of that. This is a merry book, a book of autobiog- (Continued on page 50)

# WHAT AMERICA IS Reading

## Highlights in New Books

By Harry Hansen

### What Radio's Town Meeting Is Like

**T**HOUSANDS of people all over the United States tune in when "America's Town Meeting of the Air" begins. No one can estimate how much good has been done by this stimulating, aggressive discussion of the problems of our democracy. People stop playing bridge to listen, and afterward bridge seems rather useless. For days afterward they debate the issues. And all this came about because George V. Denny, Jr., felt, in 1934, that many Americans never heard the other side. In May, 1935, he started the programs that are now nationally known for their exciting and profitable discussion, by experts and by laymen, of important issues of the day. It would be idle not to recognize this development as an important function of the radio—which has been entirely too much interested in selling the air for its own

profit—and a new factor in making the American citizen realize that the preservation and improvement of American democracy is up to him. I had no idea that this movement could be the basis of a study until I read "Town Meeting Comes to Town", by Harry A. Overstreet and Bonaro W. Overstreet. (Harpers, \$2.50) It describes the liberalizing function of Town Hall, that center for lectures, debates, discussions, alertness, in New York City. The air program is merely an extension of the numerous activities of Town Hall, which "is concerned chiefly with the ideas people hold about human society and social relationships. It takes repeated stock of reasons why people believe as they do". It tries to discover the "opinion-making devices" of modern society. As the Overstreets say here, the air program is not complete in itself. It goes on starting small groups everywhere to talk over what has been discussed. Freedom comes out of



# Art Fresh Off The Ice

by Stanley Frank

*Mr. Frank is astonished to find that art has broken into the provinces as well as Madison Square Garden*



**D**ON'T look now, but Art has come to the Great Unwashed. An appreciation of the finer, higher things has found belated refuge in the souls of the muggs as well as the masters. Arenas once dedicated to the profitable proposition that man dearly loves to see one brawny bum knock another's brains out have been transformed into glittering, shimmering salons de sport, where nobody gets hurt except enthusiastic customers seeking to buy tickets for those ice-skating shows which have popped up suddenly throughout the country. Nobody is smacked down vigorously or vehemently; nobody even wins a championship or a cup. There is nothing at stake and there is nothing to be seen but the body beautiful and the gyration graceful. It is all very strange.

It is also very significant, as these things go, for it marks the first time in the history of American sports that a promotion completely and absolutely devoid of

the competitive element has interested the public. The sadists who once occupied the cheap seats and reveled in the sight and sound of shocking body contact have become ecstatic esthetes who practically swoon at the mere mention of a double salchow, the most difficult figure in skating, as performed by La Henie or Miss Evelyn Chandler.

For exactly fifty years, championship competitions and exhibitions of fancy skating had been held in the United States with scarcely enough bored spectators in attendance to fill a French taxi-cab to capacity. A promoter who scheduled an ice-skating show was inviting disaster, a visit from the sheriff, or both.

Then Sonja Henie made a series of personal appearances two years ago in several large cities, more for the purpose of publicizing her movies than for making real money. To the utter astonishment of one and all, her skating carnivals were a ter- (Continued on page 49)



## by Moran Tudury

**T**HE VOICE on the telephone was sharply explicit. "I want to speak to Mr. Morgan, please."

Tom told her, "This is Mr. Morgan. What can I do for you?"

"I told you," said the voice, with warm, feminine exasperation, "that I want to speak to Mr. Morgan—the old Mr. Morgan."

"This is the old Mr. Morgan," Tom said agreeably. "If you want the auctioneer Morgan, this is he." He did not say this smugly; yet it was not said without a certain pride, understandable in one who had taken over the family firm of auctioneers and valuers upon his father's death.

"I wanted to have my furniture sold at auction," she said hesitantly, "but now—well, I had expected to talk with Mr. Morgan. Now I don't know what to do." There was disappointment in the girl's voice, but Tom was accustomed to that in people who discovered that they could no longer deal with his father.

"I'll tell you what," he said soothingly, "let us send an appraiser to look your furniture over."

The girl was still reluctant. "I don't really know what to do. You see, this furniture is—well, it's practically priceless. I shouldn't want just anybody to handle its sale. My name—" matter-of-fact confidence was in her tone "—is Mary Lord. The furniture is the Lord collection. You can see now why I hesitate. If it had been Mr. Morgan—"

Tom reassured her. "Save your fears. Morgan and Company has handled large commissions. Some have compared us to Christie's in London. We'll send our examiner up this afternoon."

"Whom will I expect?" asked the girl.

Tom said, with ready deceitfulness, "One of the younger members of the firm will call—a Mr. Thomas Morgan. Mr. Morgan is young but capable." And then he hung up, because his father's partner, Joe Kopek, who had been listening with marked uneasiness, finally evinced signs of reaching for the phone.

"Who?" he asked.

"A girl," Tom answered cheerfully. "Soon to be a satisfied client."

"Give me her name," said Kopek, "and I will go make an inspection in person."

"I'll handle this myself," Tom said. "I believe this woman needs special attention, Joe."

Joe Kopek's expression flared up in robust alarm. He rose from the welter of storage chairs of dead and gone eras, reached for his derby. "Don't do something foolish, young fellow," he advised Tom. "I admit you've got brass lungs, and on the desk you make a good seller. We been over it before, how you can talk anybody into buying anything. But you are not an examiner for taking over commissions. That is Joe Kopek's job, like it was for your own blood-father. Give me the address."

In Tom Morgan rose a stubbornness that was not



*She suddenly stumbled over something and fell into Tom's arms*

of the mind, but more the susceptibility of a foot-loose young man to a promising bet. He had seen Mary Lord's picture in rotogravure sections, on a horse, at a flower show—and in a bathing suit. Also, if he were not mistaken, he had met her many years before—when he was eleven—at a charity bazaar on Long Island. There was something else he tried to recall about her family, but it escaped him. However, the bathing suit picture



was enough to remember. It was more than enough.

He reached for his own hat, composedly facing Kopek's disapproval. "Won't take long, Joe."

"Young man," said Kopek, "you realize that since your father's passing on, this firm has been on the verge of closing up. You understand me when I say that right now we can be broken up by any bad move? Do I have to go over the sadness in my heart, when I see where we stand now—on the brink of a bad fall? I am pleading out of my big nature."

"Joe," said Tom gently, "I'll see you in a couple of hours. This kind of client can't be kept waiting."

It was a big, square, faded, red stone house on Madison Avenue, with broken bottles on the high fence, lower windows boarded up and a long-unused flower conservatory on the weed-filled lawn. As Tom went up the steps he remembered passing it on the bus many times and feeling that a lot of stuff in here must be worth selling. Accompanying this belief had been the similarly strong conviction that he, Thomas Morgan, could sell it.

As Joe Kopek said, Tom was a born seller and could

cajole, wheedle and insult money out of the pockets of auction crowds. In his boyhood he had profitably engaged in marbles, chicken necks and the very prime hickory logs out of his Aunt Cattie's own cellar. He itched with an urge only to be placated by the conversion of odd lots into solid cash. No mere love of money motivated Tom, but a burning desire for auction, barter and trade that proved him the son of "Hammer" Morgan.

In this spirit he jerked the brass bell-pull of the Lord mansion. He heard the sliding back of innumerable and intricate systems of safeguarding, and as the huge door swung inward and he saw the girl who stood there, Tom decided that no one like this had any business being cooped up in a house that was now a rich family's tomb.

"I'm Tom Morgan."

She studied him silently, through slanting, appraising, blue-green eyes, and said something amusing—but not at all with a sense of being amusing, for she didn't smile, "I see—the young but capable one."

"That wasn't really to fool you—my saying that," he explained.

Her voice was so low he could scarcely hear it. He had to lean forward a little to catch what she said. "I suppose it was just business."

She showed no curiosity, but Tom continued, "A lot of timid people have to be reassured, that's all. They're afraid of getting a disagreeable surprise, unless they're reassured."

She spoke again, in her odd, hushed voice, not so much as if answering his statement—because she wasn't looking at him—but as if repeating something to herself, "You didn't have to reassure me. Nobody ever could surprise me." She didn't add "again", but Tom had an uncomfortable feeling she meant that.

He followed her into the hall, where there was a high overhead gas light set in some kind of iron medieval-looking frame. It may actually have been medieval; Tom didn't know—being a seller, not a connoisseur.

IN the gas light, he could see that she was slim, dark-haired, high-shouldered and somehow even more attractive because of her indifferent, actually inattentive manner. When he thought of the bathing suit picture he thanked God that the camera had not lied. In the poor lighting he could see little more, and it left him with a greedy feeling.

She said softly, "Let me introduce you to Mr. Drew. Rodney, Mr. Morgan. Mr. Drew is really a connoisseur."

And not only a connoisseur of furniture, Tom decided as he saw the man standing there. His dark impressive clothes marked Rodney Drew for a man of taste and means, and his ruthless mouth and predatory features indicated he was one who had never been disappointed by not getting something he had set his heart on.

"How do you do?" he told Tom coolly, and the slight arrogance in his tone was worse for only being slight.

"Rodney's been very good about helping me arrange things," the girl said, and Tom did not miss the way she said that, either. Drew might not fool her, but it made Tom envious to see how obvious it was these two were from the same world. He could imagine a girl like this marrying Drew—easily.

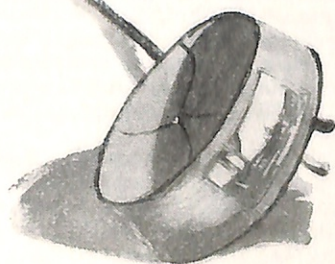
"Now," she said, "I suppose you want to look at the Lord collection."

"Sure," Tom agreed. "Now we can get down to business." Her silence was a reminder that their being here together was nothing more than business.

They went through the ground floor slowly, the girl leading the way, stopping to fumble with lights, and Tom taking in a passing inspection of furniture and bric-a-brac—likewise conscious of a titillating, intimate reaction from this lonely, yet exciting pilgrimage through a dead house with a girl who was something like a vivid ghost. Some furniture was covered, and at her request he raised corners to peer at sofas and chairs. She stopped before a case containing numerous small objects masked by gloom and dust. Tom began to get the feeling that he wished Drew would go off somewhere and read a good book. He liked the quick way this girl was beginning, every now and then, to look at him.

# Shock proof

A story of a beautiful girl  
who thought she could  
never be surprised again,  
but she could—and was





"My father collected these himself," she said. "He never trusted agents. That's what gives his collection such distinction. Look, see for yourself."

"Mary," said Drew in his impersonal voice, "I imagine even this auctioneer realizes that."

And Tom knew now fate had been pretty tough in letting him meet this girl—then find Drew hanging around.

"Sure," Tom said. "I see what your friend means."

He peered into the cabinet at the girl's reflection, and thanked God again that he had not permitted Kopek to hornswoggle him.

"You understand the situation now," the girl repeated. "There's everything here a connoisseur would want—Jacobean pieces, Empire chairs, Ming vases. You can see it's a collector's paradise."

Her voice had a sort of parrot sing-song, as if repeating something she had heard said many times before.

"I consider this a fine piece of luck for Morgan and Company," Tom said sincerely. Would she remember him if he mentioned the time at the charity bazaar—and then he realized that they were in the servants' quarters. He stared up at old-fashioned service bells which read *sun room, drawing-room, billiard room, master's sitting-room*.

They moved out into the hall.

Tom hadn't figured he would get a break, but he did.

"Rodney," Mary Lord said, "please get that flashlight in the kitchen. I don't think the switch upstairs is working." Drew's tall, well set-up figure obediently moved away.

IT flashed across Tom, through the gloom and murk, that the only thing wrong with his life was that it held no girl like this. He had had girls, but they had faded quickly out of his existence. He had been looking for this one all along, and only one fact marred his elation—he couldn't see enough of her in this light.

"Now, upstairs," she said, and Tom followed, satisfied to follow her off the roof if she led him. On the staircase she tripped and caught herself before he could assist—and only her gasp took his eyes off her ankles.

"It's a loose heel," she said—and inspected it the quickest way.

Tom, being three steps lower, could see that the bathing suit picture had lied after all. No camera could do justice to *these* legs. He tried to find his voice, but no sound came.

Upstairs was even darker. He could hear her talking about beds, occasional chairs, rugs and mirrors. He forgot the catalogue quality in her voice, could only hear its queer, masked huskiness. It was a big, dark house, and took a lot of time to go over, and Tom prayed, as a small boy would pray, that they might get lost in here and never find their way out again.

She was coming around a clutter of stacked chairs to open a window, when she suddenly knocked over something and fell forward into Tom's arms. Her breath and lips were against his neck and her arms grabbed him. Tom didn't know why this should happen to him, but he grabbed back blindly.

He heard her voice, very low. "That heel—"

His own voice said hoarsely, "Sure," and he held on—tighter.

For a few long, remarkable seconds, she did not stir. He kissed her, and some inane idea assured him she hadn't known because it was dark. Then he heard a strange voice.

"Mary," came Drew's cold query, "shall I throw this man out?"

The girl pushed free quickly. "Why, Rodney," she said, "what on earth are you talking about? I almost fell. My heel's loose." She told Tom, "Please, don't—don't be annoyed. Rodney simply made a mistake."

"Yes," said Drew, chill fury in his eyes as they met Tom's, "I made a mistake," but Tom felt that the other man only thought it was a mistake *not* to throw him out.

For himself, Tom had an idea it might be a mistake for Drew to try to do it. It was just a little idea he had—something like still another, namely that he would



Illustrated by  
L. R. GUSTAVSON

enjoy throwing this smooth, domineering man off the roof.

But all Tom said was, "I can understand how your friend felt"—and did not smile, but grinned.

They stood in the hallway again, at last, and he saw her clearly for the first time in the smoky beam of light from the staircase window. Her face was fresh, a little flushed now, not at all ghost-like. It should have been smiling, or angry, but was neither. It looked exactly as if she were making good that secret promise—and that he hadn't surprised her at all.

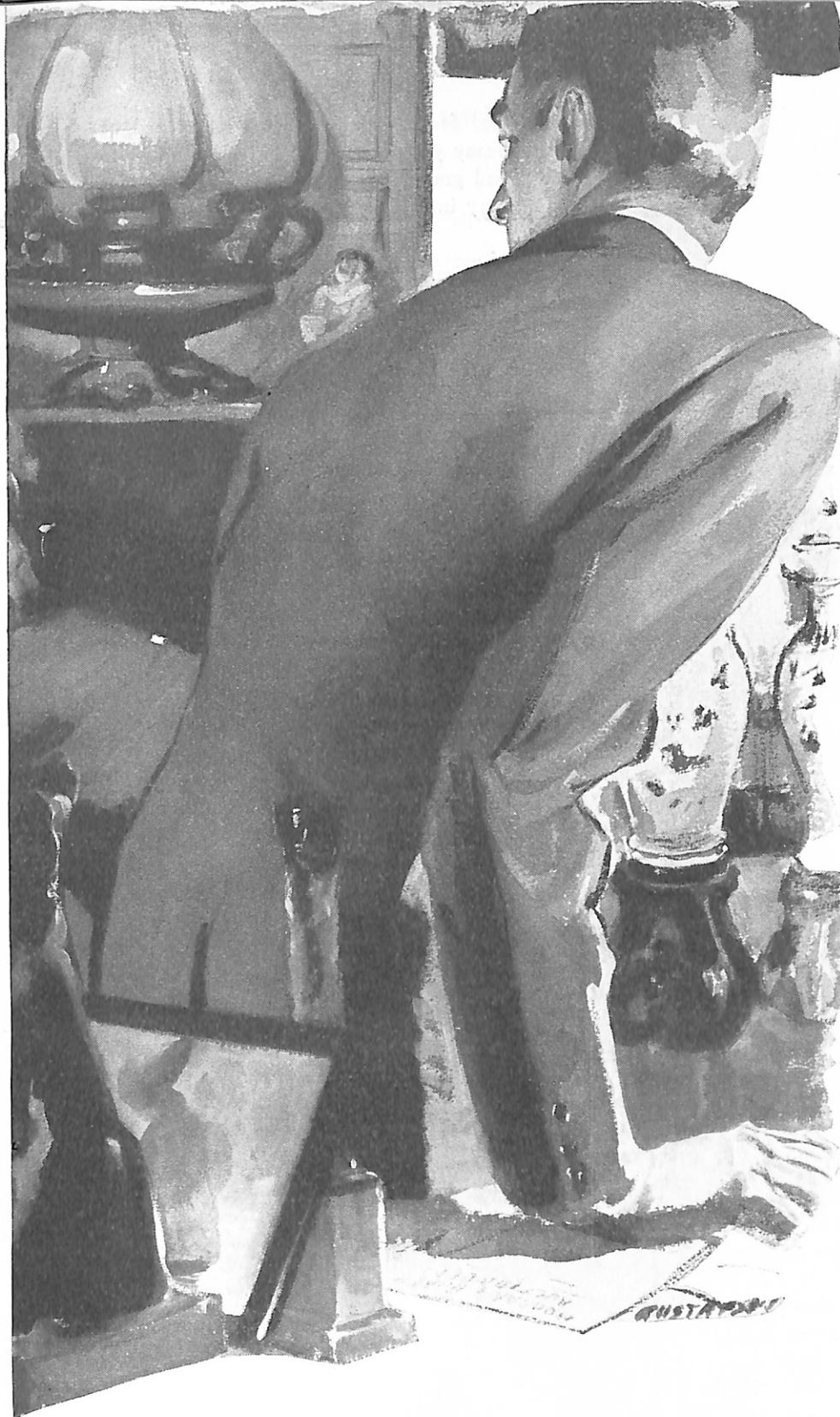
"You see now what I have to sell," she said.

"You bet."

"I'd never do it—but I need money." She wasn't looking at him.

"Of course," Tom agreed. "That's what auctions are for. People find themselves in need of a little money—and want a really easy way to pick it up."





*"The client? Oh, I hooked her." And then Tom pretended to look for something in a desk drawer.*

not see why he should let Joe off lightly, in view of what they would make in commissions from this sale.

Kopek sighed, picking his teeth with an ornate ivory pick. But naturally curious as well as proud, he broke the silence, "All my life your father and me were together—like that. Now I got to play games with his son to find out how we been rooked."

Tom straightened. "Joe, we're not rooked. We've got something real. A deaf and dumb banger could sell this commission."

Kopek smiled tolerantly, maliciously. "Maybe it's the Metropolitan Museum you got for a client?"

Tom asked, "With my lungs, could I sell a Louis XVI sofa?"

His friend eyed him suspiciously. "Or a case full of the most famous bric-a-brac in New York?" asked Tom kindly. "Could I sell a collector's paradise? Can we find buyers for a collection so rare, so carefully picked, that not even dealers were allowed to monkey with it? Maybe I'm wrong—maybe we couldn't give it away."

**J**OE rose slowly, not walking toward Tom, but gradually circling.

Yet he sturdily blurted his disbelief. "Such foolishness. No more is there private collections like that for sale—since the Sturgis stuff went." But he could not restrain himself. He came up to Tom, laid large hands on his shoulders, looked into his eyes—asked feelingly, "Tell me the name—only the name, young man. Then I tell you what we got."

"I saw the daughter," Tom said. "She showed me over the place."

"Never mind the daughter," Kopek said. "For God's sake, give it to me—the name."

"All of the collection, without reservation," Tom continued dreamily. "Big things under covers, gloomy cabinets—"

"I give up," said Joe Kopek, and strode to the window, mumbling sharp, excited whispers in his native tongue.

"Hell," Tom said, "keep your shirt on. You'll know the name—you'll see

what we have. It was the father who was the collector. But the girl's hard up. She's got to sell," he added broodingly.

"The name?" It was a snarl.

Tom told him, "Lord—Gratton Lord."

It occurred to him, after a minute, that a peculiar silence had settled. In its hush, he became acutely conscious of a fly pursuing a slow, buzzing course across the windowpane, of the grinding of a bus' gears outside. He looked up, startled. His partner was coming toward him falteringly, a hand reaching out as if for support.

Kopek said slowly and with terrible intensity, "You signed nothing? Tell me you signed nothing. Just say only 'no'." His voice rose hoarsely. "Tell it like this—'No, Joe, I did not sign one damned thing'."

Tom studied his partner wonderingly. "Naturally, I signed a contract. Are you crazy? I had one in my pocket and gave it to her. It's (Continued on page 44)

She said, as if it was an afterthought, "You're sure you can handle a collection like this?"

Tom grinned. "Leave that to us. Our Mr. Morgan will work hard on this sale."

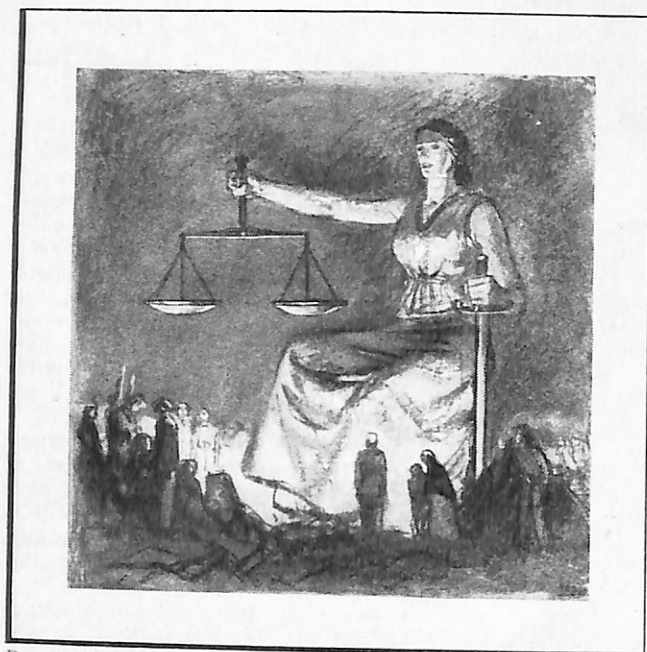
For the first time she smiled quickly, naturally. "You mean the young but capable one."

Joe Kopek was still in the office when Tom returned—sitting among relics of the past, his derby inclined against a Savery highboy, feet on a Vermont footstool, cigar ashes littering a deceased prima donna's carpet. He did not bestir himself, merely allowing a disillusioned and jaundiced glance to rest upon his dead partner's son.

"Well?" asked the older man finally, after he had scanned the winter weather through the one cloudy window.

"The client? Oh, I hooked her," and then Tom pretended to look for something in a desk drawer. He did





Drawings by Marshall Davis

# EDITORIAL

## THE GUTENBERG BIBLE

**A**N enterprising art printing establishment recently reproduced in facsimile one page of the Gutenberg Bible and sent it as a Christmas remembrance to its friends and patrons. The reproduction was perfect in every detail, thus testifying to the skill of the printer. But it testified also to the thoughtfulness of the management, for the result was two-fold; it not only comprised good advertising, but served to call attention to what is the most highly prized printed book in the world.

This Bible was printed by Johann Gutenberg at Nainz, Germany, nearly five hundred years ago, and, notwithstanding its age and the great development since that time in the art of printing, it is still regarded by experts as the most beautiful ever produced.

Of the forty-five copies on record, one is in the Volbehr Collection at the Library of Congress in Washington and is valued at over three hundred thousand dollars. It is there open to public inspection.

Those who were fortunate enough to receive this facsimile reproduction must prize it very highly. It cannot be distinguished from the original except by an expert. A few pages of the original have escaped from the binding of some of the books and have sold as high as six hundred dollars each. The page reproduced contains the 23rd Psalm, perhaps the most beautiful of all passages in Holy Writ.

Gutenberg was the inventor of movable type, the greatest single development in printing, and thus has come to be recognized as the founder of an art which has dominated the world. But he suffered the fate common to many inventors whose brains, ingenuity and creative genius have provided us with varied accessories to civilization, progress and development—he died a poor man and friendless. What

he had accomplished for mankind was not recognized or appreciated until many years after his remains were laid to rest in an unmarked grave. Forty years later a tablet was placed to his memory in a college in Nainz near where he was buried.

The invention of movable type is said by many historians to be one of ten of the most outstanding accomplishments in aid of the progress and development of civilization.

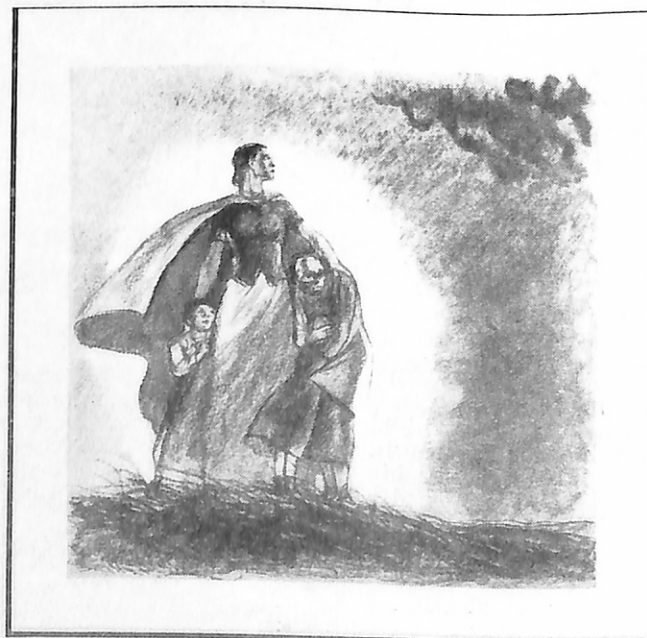
## THE CORRECT USE OF WORDS

**T**HE following recently appeared in *The Flashlight*, a monthly bulletin issued by the Elks Lodge of Denver, Colorado:

"The real Elk is one who is good enough to be decent and bad enough to be human, who works enough to be useful and who plays enough to be happy."

While appreciating this laconic statement, enjoying it in fact, we hesitated on the word "decent". Being at times ignorant of the meaning set down to words by lexicographers, we are prone to adopt our own definitions which at times are erroneous, due generally to the connection in which, as children, we first heard them used. The impressions of childhood often become fixed in the mind and follow us into years of maturity. Education will rid us of some of our early erroneous impressions, but others cling to us, refusing to be dislodged.

Our conception of the meaning of the word "decent" was that when applied to a person it meant no more than that he was on the borderline of respectability—just able to get by. He was in the twilight zone, so to speak. Hence we did not approve of the word in describing an Elk. On consulting the dictionary, however, we learned that "decency is characterized by propriety of conduct, speech and manners." Thereupon we were more than willing to adopt the foregoing quotation in toto as descriptive of a real Elk. All of which impresses the importance, at least to some of us, that we verify our understanding of the exact definition of words in order that we may more easily avoid their inapt use.





## AN IMPORTANT AMENDMENT

**T**HE Grand Lodge at its 1938 Atlantic City Session enacted an amendment to Section 180 of the Statutes which is of great importance to subordinate lodges. Prior to this amendment considerable red tape and circumlocution was necessary that a lodge might initiate an unaffiliated Elk from another lodge at the time residing in its jurisdiction. Under the amendment it is a very simple matter, as an unaffiliated Elk may make application for membership in the lodge in whose jurisdiction he resides, accompanying it with a written release from the lodge which dropped him for non-payment. Such release shall be granted upon application therefor and the payment of the small fee of five dollars, but the lodge granting the release may make such recommendation as it sees fit to the lodge in which the unaffiliated Elk seeks membership. This is a wise provision intended for the information of the lodge which the unaffiliated Elk seeks to join.

This simplification of procedure should result in restoring many Elks to active membership. In every city unaffiliated Elks are to be found who have permitted their names to be dropped due to a change of residence. They desire to join the lodge in their new home but hesitate to do so sometimes because they do not know what steps to take or, knowing them, do not care to conform to the procedure which was necessary before the Statute was amended. Here lies a fruitful field for building up the membership of every subordinate lodge and it should not be overlooked. The amendment is called to the attention of the officers of all subordinate lodges and especially to those interested and active in securing new members.

## MEMORIZING THE RITUAL

**S**OME lodges, not many we are glad to say, conduct their affairs in disregard of the Constitution of the Order and the Statutes of the Grand Lodge. This disregard is not wilful but is largely due to carelessness. It is the duty of officers of subordinate lodges



to familiarize themselves with the laws of the Grand Lodge and see to it that they are complied with.

Grand Lodge Statutes, Section 118, makes it the duty of each and every officer of a subordinate lodge to memorize that portion of the Ritual assigned to his station. This is to be done within thirty days following his installation. The section further provides that the failure of any officer so to do shall work a forfeiture of his office, which forfeiture "shall be declared by a majority vote of the lodge". The word is "shall", not "may", and hence the duty of the lodge to exact the penalty against any officer who fails within thirty days following his installation to memorize his portion of the ritual, and be able to deliver it without referring to the printed copy.

This statute was enacted for the benefit of subordinate lodges. The aim of lodges should be to get new members and, having obtained them, to hold them. The new member gets his first impression of the lodge and of the Order during his initiation. If this impression is good, he will continue his membership. If it is unfavorable, he will soon drop out. A favorable impression cannot result from a reading of the Ritual. Read, the various charges fall flat on unattentive ears. Properly delivered, they are full of life, vigor and meaning and carry in impressive language the aims, objects and purposes of the Order, thus at once challenging the attention and interest of the candidate.

One of the many things accomplished by State Associations is the creation of greater interest in the rendition of the Ritual. It is largely due to them that so many ritualistic contests are conducted in their several jurisdictions. These serve to create a friendly rivalry among lodges, each vying with all the others for the highest mark of efficiency. The teams winning in these state contests then enter the contest conducted annually as a part, and an important part, of every Grand Lodge Convention. It is gratifying to note the intense and ever increasing interest in these contests and the resultant improvement in the rendition of the Ritual.

But back to our thesis: the Ritual must be memorized.



# Under the ANTLERS

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### *Grand Lodge Officers Institute Hendersonville, N. C., Lodge*

A new lodge of the Order, Hendersonville, N. C., No. 1616, was instituted on December 2, 1938. The meeting took place in the Hendersonville High School gymnasium and was called to order by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, of Daytona Beach Lodge, former Governor of Florida. Members of the Degree Team of Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401, occupied the Chairs.

Among the distinguished Elks who participated with Mr. Sholtz in the institution ceremonies were Daniel J. Kelly, Knoxville, Tenn., a member of the Grand Forum; George W. Munford, Durham, N. C., a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; D.D. Ernest D. Grady, Charlotte, N. C., and Past State Pres. N. P. Mulvaney, Secy. of Asheville Lodge, and all addressed the membership. Mr. Sholtz gave a strong and stirring message to the newly-formed organization. Mayor A. V. Edwards, of Hendersonville, E.R. Sam Cathey, Asheville; E.R. Leon Lawrence, Charlotte; the newly-installed Exalted Ruler of Hendersonville Lodge, W. D. Lohman, and Secy. J. Clayton Burke, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, who was especially active in the organization proceedings of the new lodge, also spoke. S. J. Fullwood was installed

as the lodge's first Secretary. A delegation attended from Greenville, S. C., Lodge.

### *Distinguished St. Louis Elks Visit De Soto, Mo., Lodge*

Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis, E.R. Thomas F. Muldoon, D.D. Joseph H. Glauber, P.E.R.'s O. F. Ash, Jr., and Charles J. Dolan, George W. Chadsey, a member of the Department of Public Safety, C. K. Summersby, Warden of the St. Louis Workhouse, Dr. Otto Bachman, Larry L. Will and E. W. Glauber, all members of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, visited De Soto, Mo., Lodge No. 689, recently and took part in an initiatory meet-

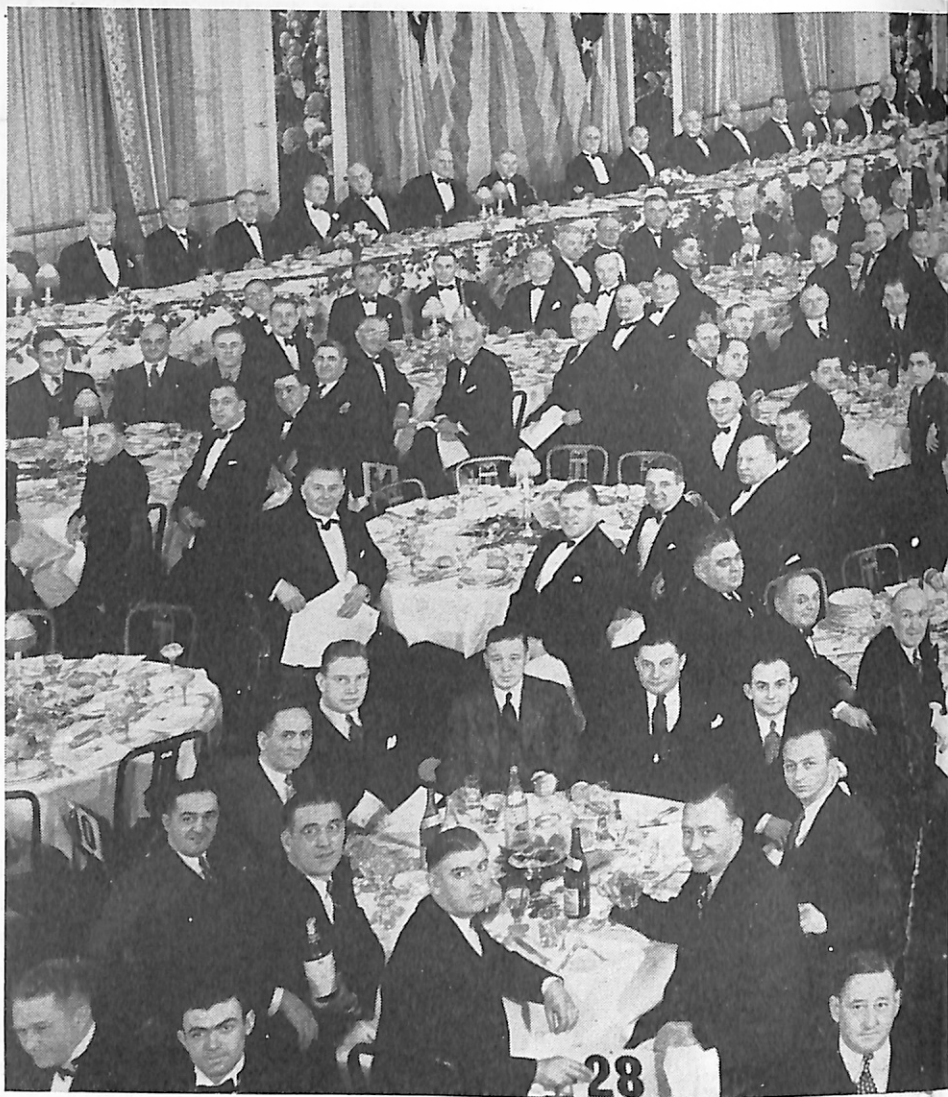
ing. The District Deputy for Missouri East, Joseph Glauber, made his official inspection of De Soto Lodge that evening, and several talks were given of special interest to the newly initiated members.

### *Dr. McCormick Visits His Home Lodge, Toledo, O., No. 53*

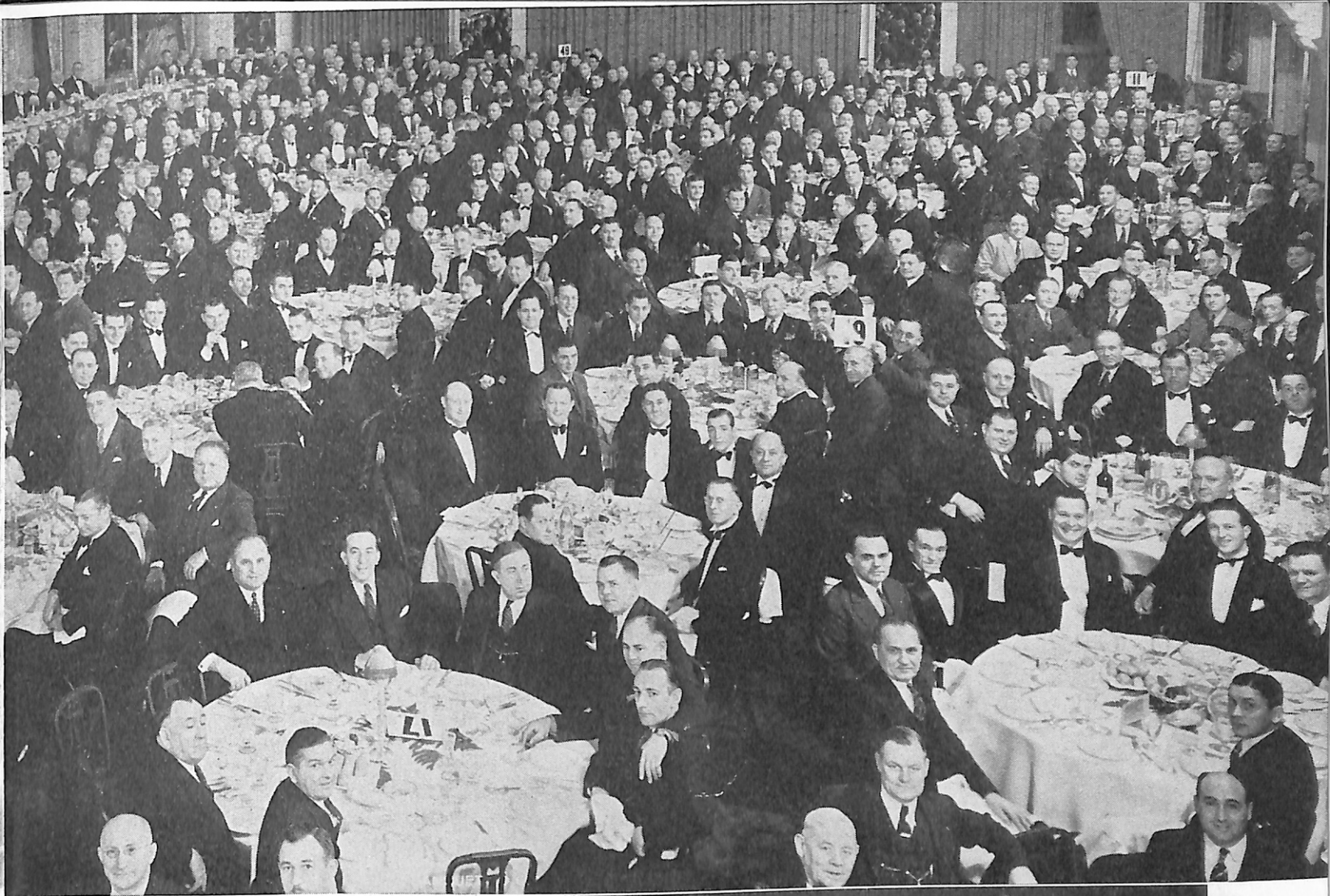
Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick was honored by his home lodge, Toledo, Ohio, No. 53, on the night of December 8, when 53 candidates were initiated into membership.

Dr. McCormick, in an inspirational address, told of the things that are being accomplished by the Order all over the country. He informed the new members that they had not joined an order of merry-makers, but rather a group dedicated to Brotherly Love, Justice, Charity, Fidelity and Americanism. He declared that while Elkdom lives, Americanism shall always live, and scored "those ungrateful individuals

*Left, in the foreground, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and A. L. Zivich, Exalted Ruler of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, photographed on the occasion of the presentation of two "Iron Lungs", one for adults and one for infants, to St. Catherine's Hospital. In back and to left of Mr. Masters is Henry C. Warner, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees.*







*Above and on opposite page: Elks of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge who were present at a banquet to celebrate the 35th Anniversary of the Lodge.*

in our schools, colleges and institutions who are teaching that it is proper and right to overthrow the government by force and violence."

Dr. McCormick revealed that he had been summoned to appear before the Dies Committee in Washington and read an 11-point program which he had submitted to this committee.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was roundly applauded by the large crowd which attended the meeting. A dinner was served for the candidates and their sponsors.

#### ***P.E.R. Henry W. Mears of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, Dies***

Henry W. Mears, who was the oldest living Past Exalted Ruler of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, passed away on December 22, 1938, at his home in Baltimore. He would have been 91 years of age on Christmas Day. He was a native of Baltimore and the city's oldest funeral director. Mr. Mears served as District Deputy in 1896-97 and was Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees in 1903-04. He was a member of the group which figured in the responsibility of purchasing the land at Bedford, Va., on which the Elks National Home was built.

In 1929 Baltimore Lodge gave a testimonial dinner for Mr. Mears in



*Above: The mortgage of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge goes up in smoke as Trustee Charles R. Berrey sets the paper aflame. To his right are Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and State Pres. C. P. Hebenstreit.*

honor of his 40 years' membership. Up to within a short time of his death he was a daily visitor at the lodge home.

#### ***Two Events Mark Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge's 35th Anniversary***

The Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City was the scene of the 35th Anniversary Dinner held by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, on December 13. The Hon. Herbert H. Lehman, Governor of New York, and a member of New York Lodge, No. 1, was the principal speaker. Other addresses were delivered by Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, Secy. of New York Lodge, and Supreme

Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and P.D.D. Lester G. Brimmer, a charter member, both of whom are P.E.R.'s of No. 878. P.E.R. Matthew J. Merritt, P.D.D., Congressman-at-Large, State of New York, gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Introductions were made by E.R. William P. Schmitt and P.E.R. Dr. John E. Kiffin presided as Toastmaster.

Scores of political, judicial, civic and fraternal leaders were among the 650 members and guests who gave Governor Lehman an ovation when he was escorted into the ballroom by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Supreme Court



Justice, P.E.R. of No. 878. Three other Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order were present: John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge; James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge and Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge.

*Below is Grand Exalted Ruler Doctor McCormick speaking before South Bend, Ind., Lodge on the occasion of his visit there. Reading from left to right are George E. Keogan, basketball coach of Notre Dame University, Doctor McCormick, Exalted Ruler Dean E. Miller and P.E.R. Frank E. Hering, in whose honor a large class was initiated.*

Ten of the 17 charter members of Queens Borough Lodge attended and all were introduced by Dr. Kiffin. Vocal and instrumental music made up a fine program. William J. Connelly, a charter member, directed the Kay Parsons Show Boat Orchestra.

The initiation of the 35th Anniversary Class of 125 candidates in the lodge room on December 20 increased the enrollment of Queens Borough Lodge to 4,150. This is the largest membership of any lodge in the Order. Judge Hallinan led in the initiatory ceremonies. E.R. Schmitt presided. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, was the guest speaker. Mr. Campbell called

upon the members to rededicate themselves to "their faith in the American Flag and to fight all subversive isms." P.E.R. John Scileppi, on behalf of the lodge, presented Mr. Campbell with a traveling bag. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, of Washington, D. C., who is a member of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge, was an honored guest, and other distinguished Elks in large numbers attended. The ceremonies were preceded by a dinner for the candidates and their sponsors. Thomas Hackett led the Elks Glee Club in the presentation of a musical program.

#### *The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visit to Jackson, Mich., Lodge*

The visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick to Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, on Sunday, December 11, was one of the outstanding events in the lodge's history. Twenty lodges from other parts of the State were represented. Approximately 500 Elks, including officers of the Michigan State Elks Association, Exalted Rulers and other high ranking officials, were in attendance. The program opened at 11 A.M. after a motorcade had met the Grand Exalted Ruler at Ferguson's Corners as he arrived from his home at Toledo, O. Luncheon was served for Dr. McCormick, the various officers and the visiting delegations.

A special initiation was held in the afternoon followed by an address delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler who asserted that schools of America might well stress the teaching of true patriotism and cited the evils of Communism, tracing various situations to what he alleged were acts of Communists and other radical groups. E.R. Ben H. Price ar-

*At left: Spokane, Wash., Elks wind up a fine year by burning the mortgage on the Lodge home.*

*Below is the vast audience which attended the Americanization program held by Tacoma, Wash., Lodge. More than 800 Elks were present at the meeting.*



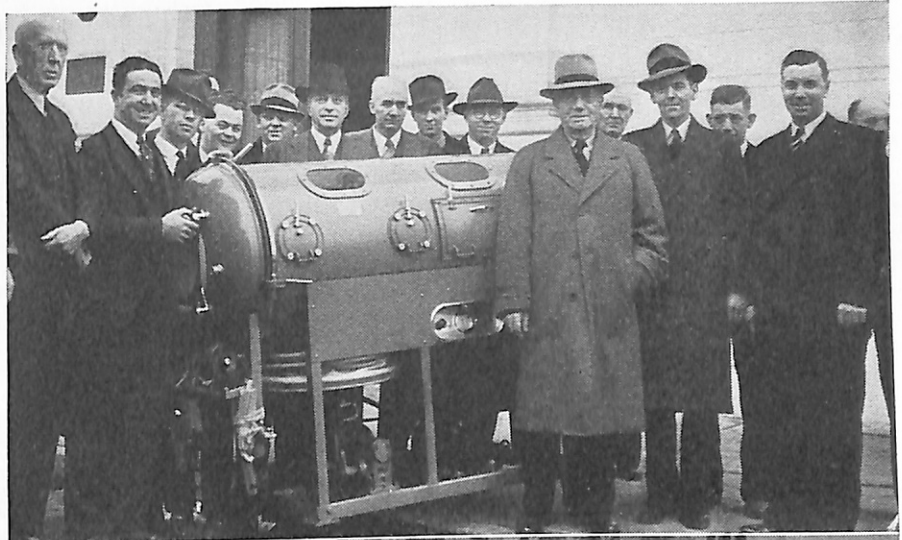


*At right is the "Iron Lung" which Tacoma, Wash., Lodge recently presented to the city. The "Lung" was given to Tacoma Lodge by Tom Hurley, who stands in the foreground.*

ranged the program which also honored Dr. McCormick's uncle, Edward Dalton, a prominent Jackson hotel proprietor. Mr. Dalton is one of the oldest Elks in the State. In addition to the class of 23 new candidates initiated in honor of Dr. McCormick, 86 members who had been off the rolls of Jackson Lodge for two years or more, were reinstated. A buffet luncheon was served at the close of the ritualistic program. During the afternoon and evening Dr. McCormick conferred with the officers and members of the lodges, and many important matters were discussed.

**Dr. McCormick Pays Official Visit to Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge**

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick paid an official visit to Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, on December 5. The Grand Exalted Ruler's banquet was held in the Marine Dining Room of the lodge home before the meeting and was attended by 500 members of lodges in all parts of the State. Approximately 1,100 Elks, including officers of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, Judges, city officials and lodge officers both past and present, attended the meeting. The three District Deputies of Wisconsin, Frank T. Lynde, Antigo, Albert J. Godfrey, Chippewa Falls, and L. C. Welch, Baraboo, were introduced and given seats on the rostrum with Dr. McCormick, E.R. Howard T. Ott of Milwaukee Lodge, and State Pres. T. F. McDonald of Marshfield. The "Elks Plugs", Milwaukee Lodge's fun organization, were admitted into the lodge room, and put on a short drill, making a fine appearance before the spectators. Thirty-seven in number, they represented the 37 lodges of the State Association. A "Plug" must bring a new member



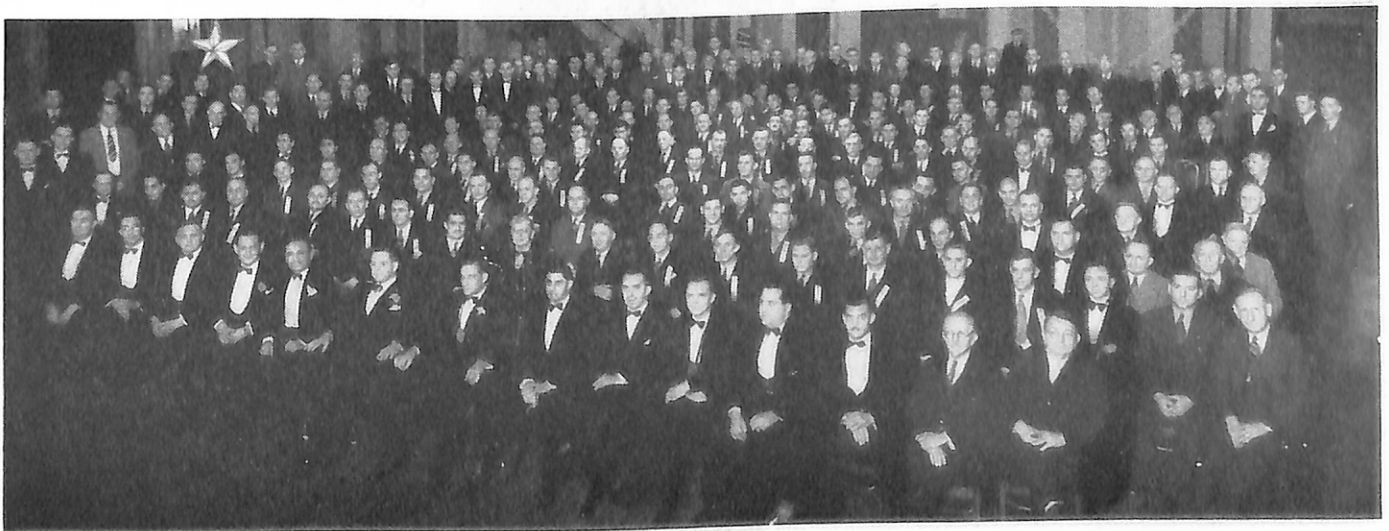
*Above: A class of candidates initiated into Prescott, Ariz., Lodge in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick.*

into No. 46 to earn his regalia—a plug hat, white chrysanthemum and white spats.

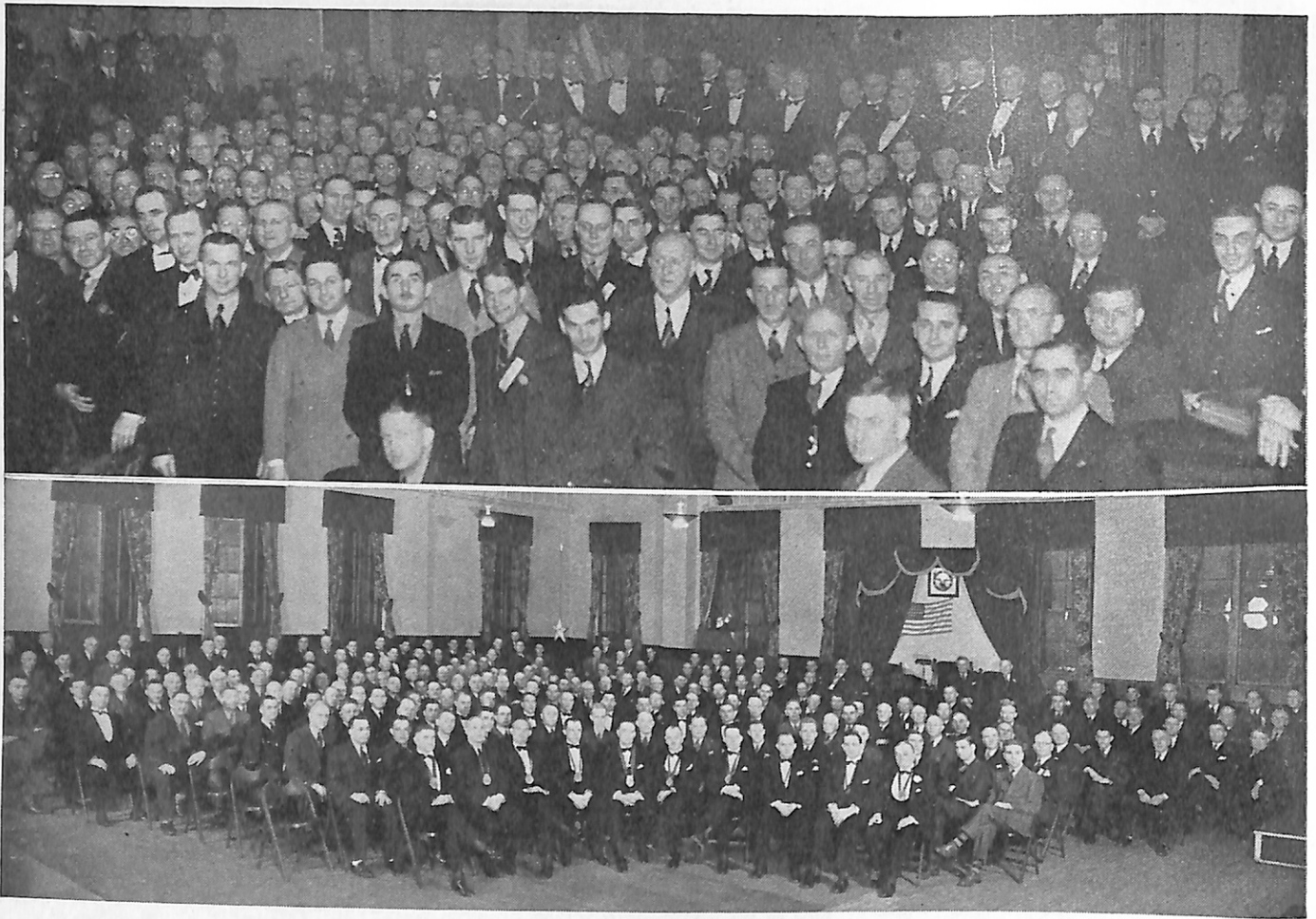
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Class was initiated during the meeting.

*Below: The immense class of candidates initiated at Williamsport, Pa., Lodge in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, a former Governor of the State.*

Twenty-seven joined Milwaukee Lodge. Other lodges of the State represented in the class, with the number of candidates furnished by each, were as follows: Waukesha, 14; Baraboo, 4; Racine, Madison, Rhineland, Manitowoc and Two Rivers, 2; Wausau, Sheboygan, Eau Claire, Antigo, Marshfield, Portage, Menasha, Wisconsin Rapids, Kenosha, Chippewa Falls and Beaver Dam, 1.







*At top: Elks of Harrisburg and Middletown, Pa., Lodges at a combined meeting at Harrisburg to honor Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener. Fifty-eight Harrisburg and nine Middletown candidates made up the Tener Class.*

***The John K. Tener Appreciation Classes of Pennsylvania***

The 119 lodges of Pennsylvania honored P.E.R. John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, senior Past Grand Exalted Ruler and former Governor of the State, by presenting to the Order approximately 1,900 new members and 600 reinstatements as members of the John

*Above: A large group of members of Jackson, Mich., Lodge who gathered in the Lodge home to greet Doctor Edward J. McCormick on his recent visit to that Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler is seated fifth from the left in the first row.*

After the initiation, the Grand Exalted Ruler presented his message to the lodges, in which he made a direct appeal for loyalty to the American form of government. His address was instructive and well received. State President McDonald also spoke. An evening of fun and frolic, with entertainment, food and refreshments, followed the meeting.

*Below is another large class of candidates initiated into the Order in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener. The candidates are photographed with their Lodge officers and members of Waynesboro, Pa., Lodge.*

K. Tener Appreciation Classes during the week of December 4-10. This method of paying tribute to Mr. Tener was decided upon at the 1938 Convention of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and conducted under the direction of Past Pres. Howard R. Davis, of Williamsport, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. Mr. Tener





**Right: Wisconsin State Pres. Thomas McDonald speaks a word of greeting to Grand Exalted Ruler Doctor Edward J. McCormick, left, and E.R. Howard T. Ott of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, when Doctor McCormick visited that Lodge not long ago.**

attended the initiatory services held by Butler, Charleroi, Washington, Uniontown, Harrisburg and Norris-town Lodges. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, and James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago; State Pres. Edward D. Smith, Lewistown, Pa.; Vice-Pres. James G. Bohlender, Mayor of Franklin; Mr. Davis, and Past State Pres. Grover C. Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, Pa., appeared in other cities as speakers for the special initiations.

The largest of the thirty-three classes was initiated at Williamsport Lodge, No. 173. The class totaled 121 new members and thirty-five reinstatements, and was contributed by Williamsport, Sunbury and Milton Lodges. E.R. Ray Kilgus, Williamsport, was in charge of the ceremonies, assisted by officers of the other two lodges. The speaker of the evening was John C. Cochrane, Toledo, O., a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, attending as the personal representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

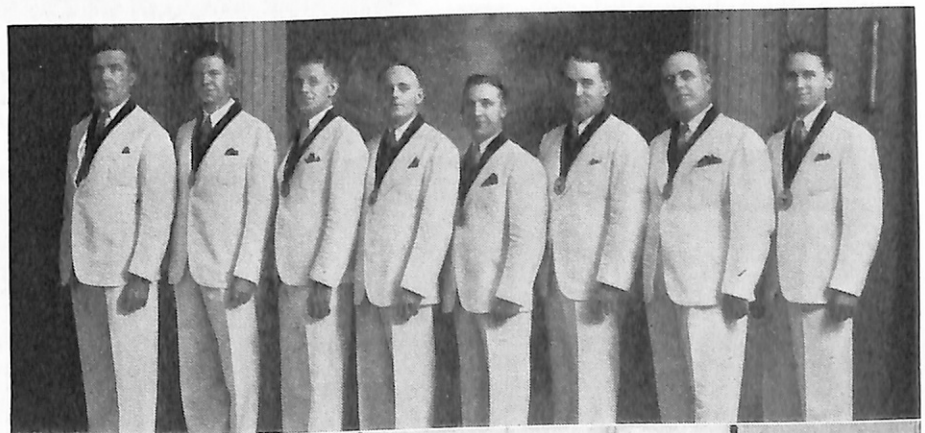
Four hundred Elks of Northwestern Pennsylvania were present in the home of Sharon Lodge, No. 103, for the initiation of 76 candidates from various lodges of the section. Greenville Lodge, No. 145, furnished more than 30 of the candidates and the officers of Beaver Falls Lodge, No. 348, performed the ritualistic work. The meeting was opened by E.R. E. W. Keen and then turned over to E.R. L. F. Laughrey. The candidates represented Sharon, Oil City, Greenville, Beaver Falls and

**Below: The Ernest D. Shock Memorial Class which was initiated into Houston, Texas, Lodge, during Memorial Week. Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins appears in the center of the first row.**



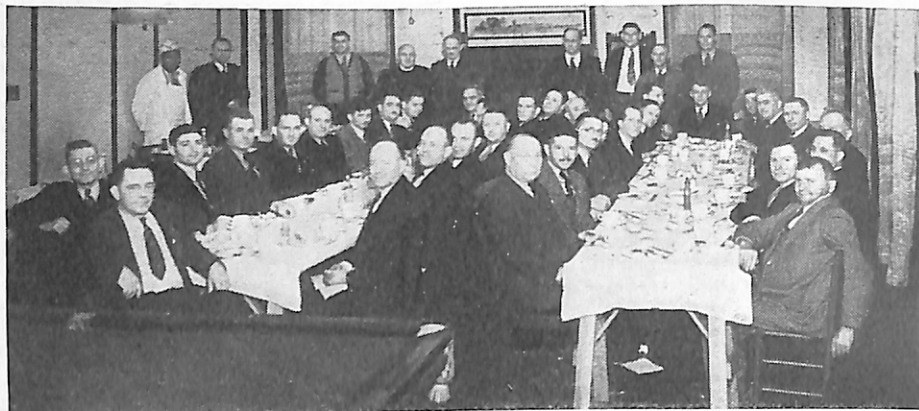
**Above are the officers of Augusta, Ga., Lodge on the occasion of initiating 26 candidates in honor of John S. McClelland, of Atlanta Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.**

**Below is the uniformed Wisconsin State Ritualistic Team champions who are members of Wisconsin Rapids Lodge.**





*Right: Members of Anderson, S. C., Lodge who were present to honor D.D. Julian S. Wolfe when he paid his official visit to that Lodge.*

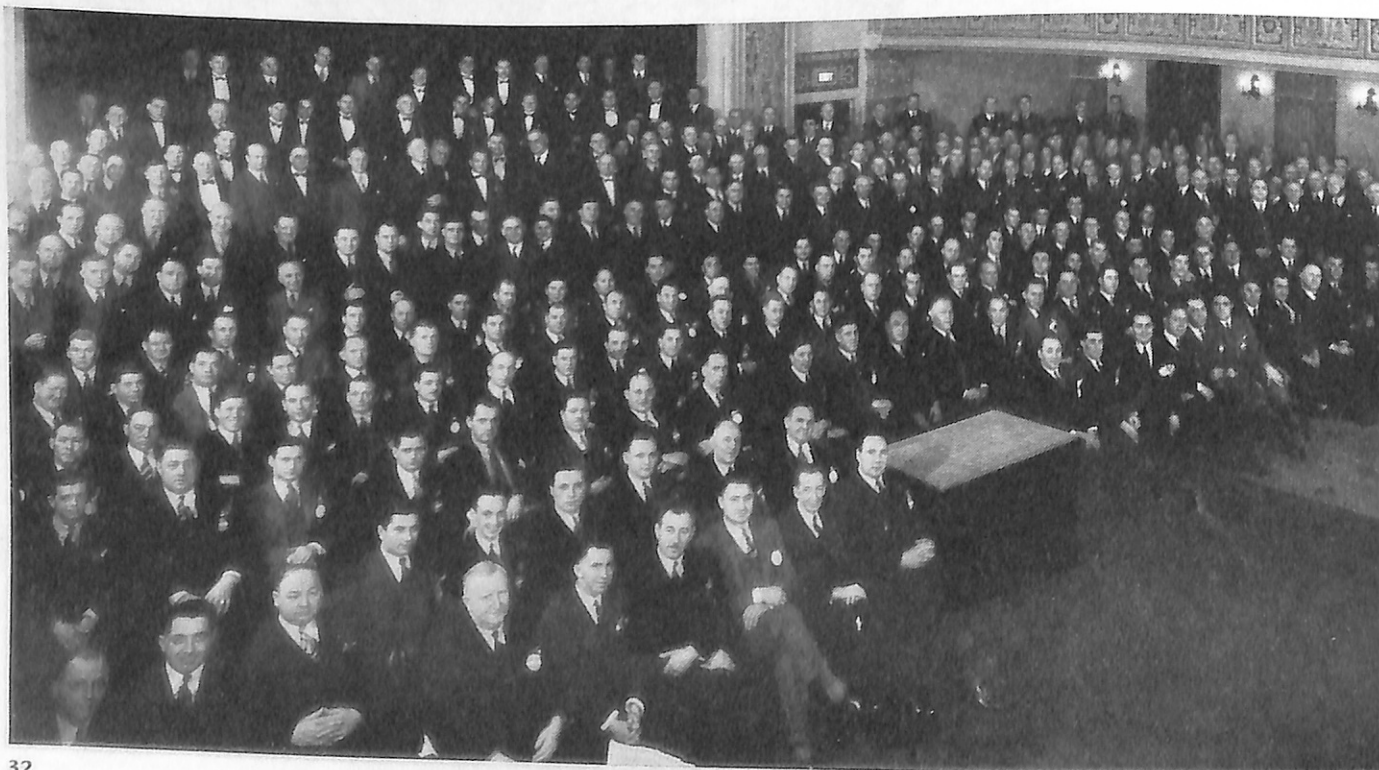


New Castle lodges. The main address of the evening, delivered by Grand Secretary Masters, was followed by speeches made by D.D. Fred Mac Gribble, of Woodlawn, and Mr. Bohlender. Before the meeting Mr. Masters was given a dinner by the Exalted Rulers of the lodges, and past and present District Deputies.

Nearly 60 Harrisburg candidates, and nine from Middletown Lodge, No. 1092, were initiated at Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12. Mr. Tener, Mr. Masters and Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, were guests of honor at a dinner prepared under the direction of one of the cooks who had served in the Executive Mansion during Mr. Tener's residence there. The visit in the capital city was in the nature of a real homecoming for the former Governor. He was met with his party by a reception committee, headed by P.E.R.'s Herman A. Earley, Wellington G. Jones, C. C. Merrill and Harold M. Hipple. Many of Mr. Tener's old associates called upon him at the Penn-Harris Hotel, where an informal reception was held. Half a dozen sister lodges were represented at the meeting. Exalted Ruler Bernard S. Handler and the Harrisburg officers were in charge. District Deputy Ellwood S. Grimm and the officers of Middletown Lodge were accompanied by a large delegation of members. A vaudeville performance and social session brought the evening to an exceedingly pleasant climax.



*Above: Officers of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge at a preview of the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island. The Lodge extends an invitation to the members of the Order to attend the Fair. Fourth from the right stands Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott.*







*Right: The officers of Mechanicville, N. Y., Lodge photographed with D.D. Homer A. Tessier and State Vice-Pres. Edward D. De La Mater on the occasion of their official visit to the Lodge.*

Order has been recognized by organizations all over the country engaged in the effort to control traffic and prevent accidents. The Grand Exalted Ruler was notified recently by Director A. R. Forster of the holding, in Berkeley, Calif., of the First Pacific Coast Traffic Officers Training School. The purpose of the school was to fulfill the need for well-trained police officers in active service through a brief but intensive course of instruction in modern methods of traffic control.

The school was conducted by the University of California Extension Division, with the cooperation of the International Association of Chiefs of Police Safety Division. Classes were conducted daily for two weeks beginning January 9.

#### *San Francisco, Calif., Elks "Preview" Golden Gate Exposition*

One of the first fraternal groups in the Bay District of California to get an inside "peek" at the wonders and beauties of the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island, San Francisco Bay, was a party of Elks from San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, E.R. John J. McMahon and his officers, and a number of other members were personally conducted about the grounds and buildings by William Wright, an Executive of the Press Department of the Fair.

#### *N. J. State Elks Assn. Holds Quarterly Meeting at Kearny Lodge*

Nearly 400 members crowded into the meeting room of Kearny, N. J., Lodge, No. 1050, on Sunday, December 11, for the second quarterly meeting of the N. J. State Elks Assn., presided over by State Pres. Howard F. Lewis. Vice-Chairman John H. Cose, of the Crippled Children's Committee, was designated as county or sectional organizer of lodges throughout the State to facilitate the President's infantile paralysis research work in New Jersey. Chairman William J. Jernick, of the Publicity Committee, reported that during the year the equivalent of 97,000 agate lines, representing 42 complete newspaper pages, had been devoted to Elk activities in New Jersey in New Jersey newspapers, in addition to 18 editorials. Grand Exalted Ruler McCormick praised its work in letters to the Publicity Committee and will recommend its plan to the other State Elks Associations. Chairman John G. Sauerwein, of the Safety Drive Committee, reported the renewal of the merit card system, as well as the school certificates for 1939.



*Above: The seven Pepin brothers recently initiated into Norwich, Conn., Lodge. This initiation, remarkable in the annals of the Order, was sponsored by Antonio Gauthier.*

The class initiated at Waynesboro, honoring Mr. Tener, numbered 124 candidates. Waynesboro, Pa., Lodge, No. 731, by virtue of its large num-

ber of candidates, was chosen to act as host. Fifty-three were from Waynesboro Lodge, 50 from Chambersburg, seven from Carlisle and 14 from Gettysburg. All four lodges are in the Pa. South Central District.

The ceremonies were held in the new armory of Troop F, 104th Pennsylvania National Guard. More than 600 Elks from the above-mentioned lodges and from several nearby cities in Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia attended. The initiatory degree was conferred by the Pottstown Lodge Degree Team. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow addressed the class. After the ceremonies adjournment was made to the lodge home, where luncheon was served. Earlier in the evening the Waynesboro officers entertained the guest of honor, Mr. Grakelow, together with the visiting officers and the Pottstown Degree Team.

#### *Pacific Coast Traffic Officers Training School at Berkeley, Calif.*

The successful nation-wide safety work carried on by the lodges of the



*Left and on opposite page is a class of 125 candidates initiated into Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge in the presence of many distinguished Elks in commemoration of the Lodge's 35th Anniversary.*



The annual reunion next June will be held in the home of Long Branch Lodge, No. 742. The next quarterly meeting will take place in the home of Somerville Lodge, No. 1068, on Sunday, March 12.

### **"Charter Night" Is Celebrated by Coalinga, Calif., Lodge**

Since the organization last April of Coalinga, Calif., Lodge, No. 1613, the youngest lodge in California, the officers have conducted a number of initiations for sister lodges. About 80 per cent of the membership is made up of new Elks, including the Exalted Ruler, the Est. Leading Knight and the Est. Lecturing Knight. The lodge takes an active part in civic and community affairs, and its own activities are numerous. Last Fall an employment bureau for members and their friends was decided upon. The Bureau is situated in the Coalinga Elks building. Vic Hansen, Chairman of the Committee, was placed in charge.

"Charter Night" was celebrated at the end of the first six months after the institution of Coalinga Lodge. With fitting solemnity, the official charter was presented by D.D. James A. Joyce of Taft. Visiting delegations from several lodges in the district attended. The meeting was followed by an entertainment.

*Below: Past Exalted Rulers of Franklin, Pa., gathered at a dinner at which they planned the Fiftieth Anniversary celebration of Franklin Lodge.*



*Above: Those who gathered at Oregon City, Ore., Lodge for the mid-winter meeting of the Oregon State Elks Assn.*

### **Past Grand Tiler Henry Schocke, of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, Dies**

Past Grand Tiler Henry Schocke, P.D.D., and first Exalted Ruler of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, No. 767, died at his home November 25, 1938, aged 82 years. The body was taken to the lodge home where it lay in state until the hour of service. Past Exalted Rulers acted as honorary and active pallbearers. E.R. Elmer C. LePointe and the Rev. Johnson A. Springstead of St. John's Episcopal Church officiated, and the lodge officers were in charge of the ceremonies.

Mr. Schocke became a member of the Order in 1894 when he joined

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74. He moved to Oneida several years later, and was instrumental in organizing Oneida Lodge of Elks, instituted in 1902. He served as lodge secretary for 20 years. He also assisted materially in the reorganization of Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96.

### **Leading Wisconsin Elks Speak at Kaukauna, Wis., Lodge Meeting**

P.E.R. Frank T. Lynde, of Antigo Lodge, D.D. for Wis. N. E., and Vice-Pres.-at-Large of the Wis. State Elks Assn., was the principal speaker at a recent regular meeting of Kaukauna, Wis., Lodge, No. 962. E.R. M. A. Raught introduced the District Deputy, who was making his official visit to the lodge, and presented him with a gift on behalf of the membership. Several candidates were initiated.

The meeting was outstanding, and leading Elks of the State spoke on various phases of fraternal work. Among the speakers were P.E.R. Dr. A. V. Delmore, Two Rivers, Chairman of the State Elks Scholarship Committee; State Secy. Lou Uecker, Two Rivers; State Chaplain, the Rev. Henry Halinde, Green Bay Lodge; Secy. Roy A. Sonntag, Two Rivers, and Ed Mueller, Vice-Chairman of the State Association Credentials Committee.

### **Petersburg, Alaska, Lodge Initiates Class at First Meeting**

The institution of Alaska's eighth lodge, Petersburg No. 1615, mentioned in the December issue of the Magazine, was carried out in an impressive manner with over a hundred in attendance. Delegations from Juneau, Wrangell and Ketchikan Lodges came by airplane and boat to participate. D.D. Leonard Sohlt performed the ceremonies assisted by officers and members of his home lodge, Ketchikan No. 1429. Repre-

*Left: The First Aid Corps of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge.*





Left is a Safety Traffic sign erected by Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge and presented to the city. It is 40 ft. by 14 ft. and the "thermometers" are in neon lights. The sign was placed at the busiest vehicular traffic intersection in the city.



Above: Members of Denver, Colo., Lodge on the occasion of Old Timers' Night. Isadore Leon, oldest "old timer," is seated in the front row nearest the camera.

Above, center: Twenty-four candidates initiated into Kankakee, Ill., Lodge in honor of Past Exalted Ruler A. N. Rosencrans, Past District Deputy, seated center.

sentatives of Anchorage, Cordova, Fairbanks and Skagway, Alaska, Lodges were also in attendance. A class of six new members was initiated into the lodge immediately after the institution. The meeting was held in the Petersburg Skating Rink. Election and installation of officers were followed by a dance in the Sons of Norway Hall and supper was served in the Petersburg Elks quarters where a dance was staged later.

The Order is splendidly repre-

sented in Alaska. While the membership of the lodges totals nearly 3,000, the entire population is but 70,000, half of which is native. The organization of a State Elks Association is being given serious consideration.

#### Two Important Meetings Held by Hanford, Calif., Lodge

Approximately 60 members of Company B, 185th Infantry, California National Guards, were guests recently of Hanford, Calif., Lodge,

No. 1259. The Company was entertained as a gesture of reciprocation for the assistance it rendered the lodge last June in its Flag Day ceremonies. The festivities took place after the regular lodge session. E.R. M. E. Griffith of Fresno Lodge made the presentation of an altar flag, a gift of one of the Hanford members and Capt. John Gerard of Fresno. Following a drill demonstration by Company B, an appropriate program was given, featured by an address by the Rev. Martin C. Keating, also of Fresno. Father Keating, who served in the World War with the 40th Division, was introduced by Henry Schumann-Heink, one of his personal friends. A dinner was served at the close of the program.

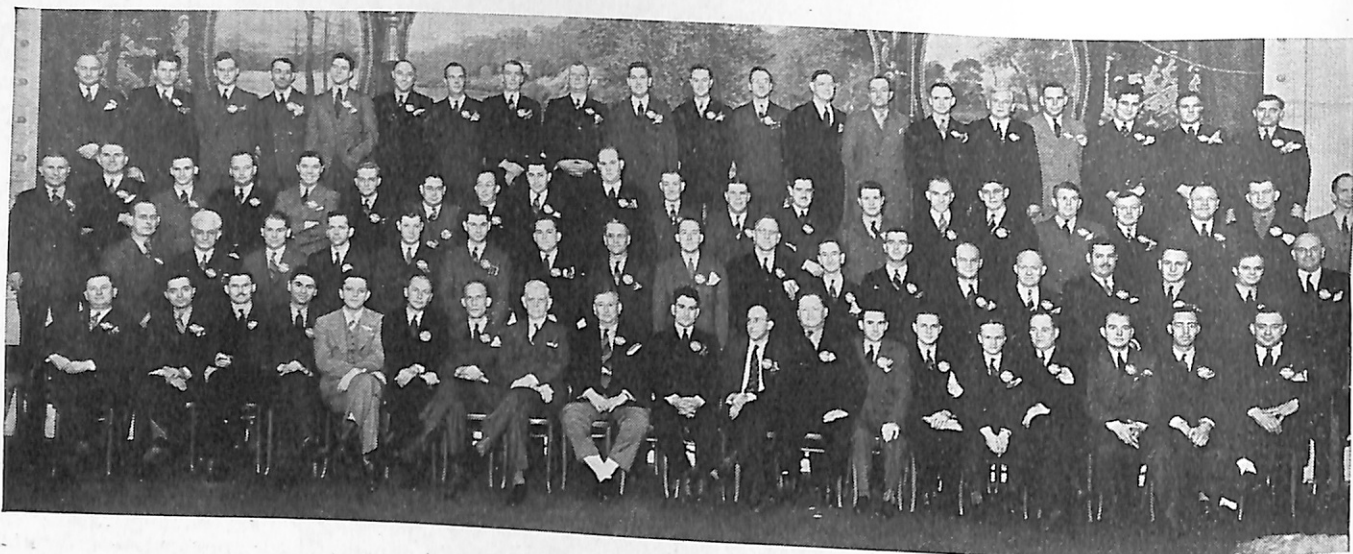
The 27th anniversary of Hanford Lodge's institution and the official visit of D.D. James A. Joyce of Taft were celebrated on Nov. 17. A turkey dinner was served at 6:30 with covers laid for more than 300 Elks. E.R. H. L. Rentzsch and his officers conducted impressive ceremonies for a class during the meeting.

#### A Review of Recent Events at Leominster, Mass., Lodge

P.E.R. Hubert W. Flaherty of Adams Lodge, D.D. for Mass., West, paid his official visit to Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, and was greeted by a large turnout of local members. Elks were also present from Adams, Quincy, Worcester, Boston, Clinton and Fitchburg, Mass., Keene, N. H., and Brattleboro, Vt. The District Deputy and his Esquire were presented with gifts from Leominster Lodge by E.R. John F. Sullivan. A buffet lunch and an entertainment program followed the meeting. E.R. John G. Nicklas, Quincy Lodge, gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

As a result of surgical work and medical attention provided by Leominster Lodge, the small daughter of one of its members is now in perfect health. All committees in charge of winter activities, are functioning, and the lodge is participating as usual in the inter-lodge tournaments held annually in that section. The lodge home was thrown open to the members of the local high school football squad on Thanksgiving Day. The game that day, played with Fitchburg, was the most important on the Leominster team's schedule, and the boys enjoyed the relaxation afforded by the spacious rooms and friendly atmosphere. They were entertained before the game and again that evening. The coach is a member of No. 1237. At a recent lodge meeting, a Catholic priest from





*Above: The Frank E. Hering Class which was initiated into South Bend, Ind., Lodge in the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler.*

Fort Devens Army Post at Ayer, Mass., Father Duffy, who is a splendid orator, spoke on his experiences in the Far East.

**Waycross, Ga., Lodge Unveils Memorial Tablet; Initiates Class**

Elks from Douglas, Fitzgerald, Alma, Brunswick, Valdosta, Oshkosh and Fort Worth assembled in the home of Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, recently to witness the unveiling of a memorial tablet and the initiation of candidates, and to participate in a reception to the class. The candidates were invited to attend the unveiling ceremonies which were held prior to the initiation and conducted by Est. Lead. Knight Frank B. McDonald, Jr., assisted by Past Exalted Rulers, the Elks Quartette and other prominent Elks. G. N. Strickland unveiled the tablet which was the work of his own hands.

E.R. John B. O'Neal, Jr., presided at the lodge meeting. D.D. J. M. Thrash and Past State Pres. F. F. Preston of Douglas Lodge were among those in attendance. Congressman W. Ben Gibbs, who was a member of the class through the courtesy of Brunswick Lodge No. 691, was escorted from the Ware Hotel by the Reception Committee headed by J. K. Hilton. The entertainment program was held on the main floor after the meeting.

**N. J. Crippled Children's Committees Meet at Betty Bacharach Home**

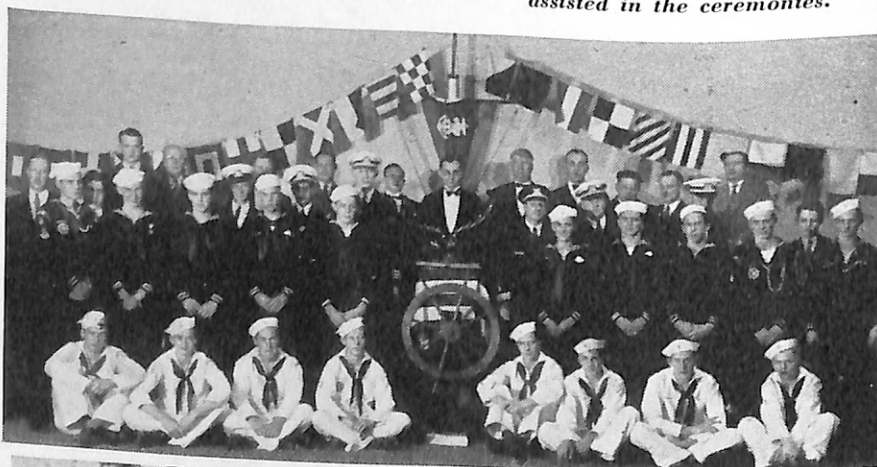
A meeting called by Chairman Joseph G. Buch of the Crippled Children's Committee of the N. J. State Elks Assn., took place on Nov. 6 at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J. The Crippled Children's Committees of the New Jersey lodges, members of the N. J. Crippled Children's Commission, and persons from various institutions interested in the care of

crippled children, attended. They were welcomed by City Commissioner William F. Casey.

The meeting was held for the purpose of discussing problems of the committees and to hear a discourse by Dr. A. L. Van Horn, Assistant Director of the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor. Dr. Van Horn, introduced by Mr. Buch, gave a comprehensive and in-

structive talk. Dr. David B. Allman, Medical Director at the Betty Bacharach Home, read a paper on the advantages derived through convalescent care and physio-therapy treatments as administered at the Home, and described the under-water

*Below: A picturesque meeting at Donora, Pa., Lodge, which was carried out according to naval regulations. The occasion was the presentation of a Sea Scout charter to local candidates. Visiting Sea Scouts from Canonsburg assisted in the ceremonies.*



*Right: The officers of Everett, Mass., Lodge, assisted by a young lady, unveiled the handsome monument dedicated to the departed members of the Lodge.*



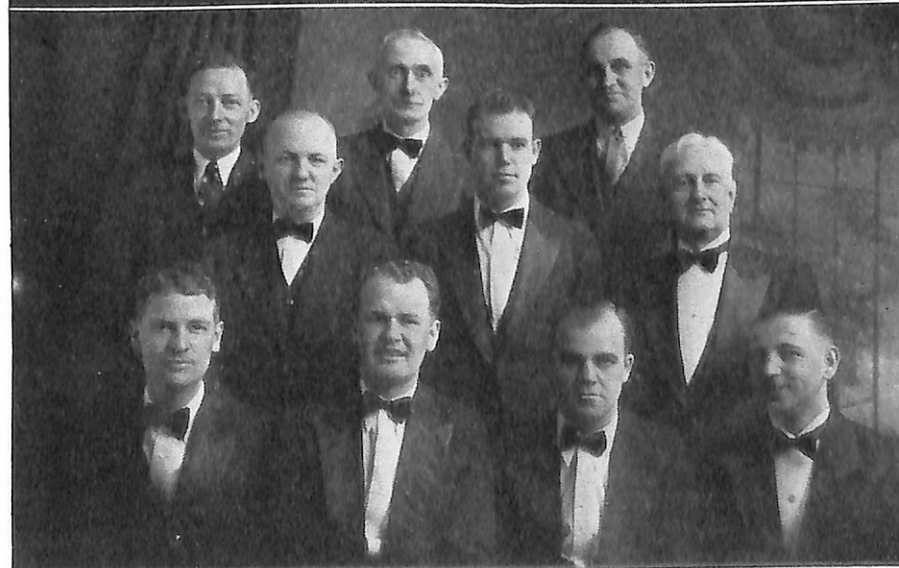


**Left: Fire Chief John S. Eichelberger of Berkeley, Calif., and P.E.R. Lewis B. Browne, of Berkeley Lodge, stand beside Patricia Marshall who won the Fire Prevention Essay Contest sponsored by the Lodge.**

treatments given in the new therapeutic pool which was inspected by those in attendance after the close of the session.

**Two-Day Program Marks 35th Birthday of Braddock, Pa., Lodge**  
Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883, wound up the two-day celebration of its 35th birthday with the initiation

**Below: Prominent Elks who were present at the Indiana South Central District meeting held at New Castle, Ind.**



of 41 candidates followed by a dinner and entertainment. The ladies were entertained at a card party during the meeting.

The preceding evening a banquet for Elks only was attended by 250 members. Thomas W. Nugent was Toastmaster and P.E.R. John F. Lowers outlined the lodge's history. Honor guests were D.D. Joseph L. Connell, Charleroi; Past State Pres.'s Scott E. Drum, D.D., Hazleton; F. J. Schrader, Allegheny, Assistant to the Grand Secretary; George J. F. Falkenstein, McKeesport, M. Frank Horne, New Kensington, William D. Hancher, Washington, Dr. D. S. Ashcom, Allegheny, and John F. Nugent, Braddock; Mayor James G. Bohlender, Franklin, State Vice-Pres., and charter members Charles Little, David Boyd, George Krohe, Mr. Lowers and Thomas Nugent.

### **D.D. R. E. Cummings Visits His Home Lodge, Bennington, Vt.**

The homecoming visit of P.E.R. Robert E. Cummings to Bennington, Vt., Lodge, No. 567, in his official capacity as District Deputy for Vermont, brought a crowd of 250 to the High School Auditorium where the meeting was held. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight J. Edward Gallico, of Troy, N. Y., was the principal speaker. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt., acted as Grand Esquire. All of the 10 lodges in the State were represented by delegations headed by their respective Exalted Rulers, and visitors were present from North Adams and Pittsfield, Mass., and Hoosick Falls, Albany, Troy and Waterford, N. Y.

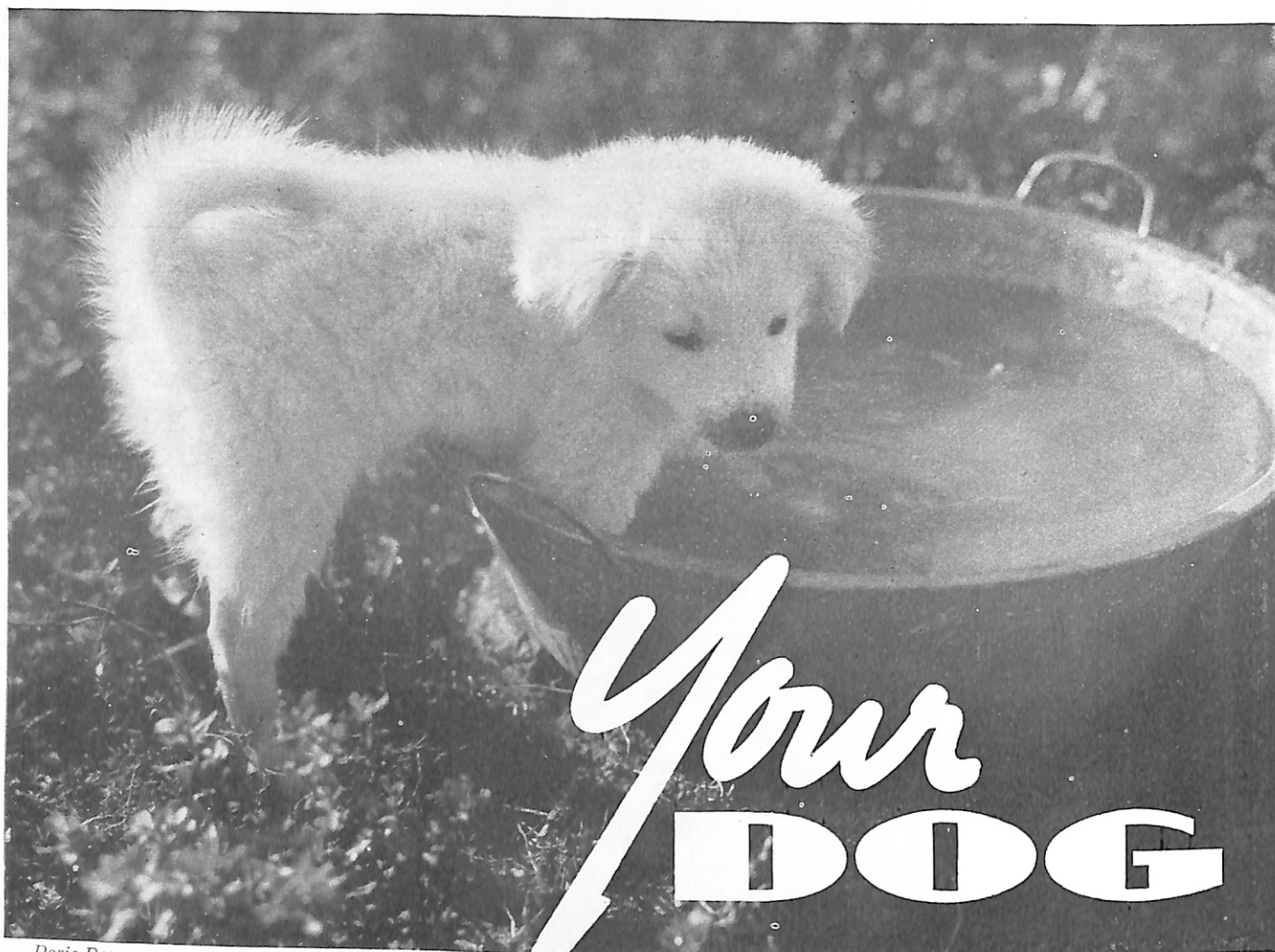
Dr. R. Richard Bennett, Bennington, Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn., spoke briefly on the Goshen Camp for crippled children, sponsored by the Association. Mr. Cummings was presented with a watch and Mr. Bennett with a pencil set. Among the distinguished Elks present were Judge Edwin K. McPeck, Adams, Mass., former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. Hubert W. Flaherty, Adams, Mass.; Past Pres. Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, and Vice-Pres. John T. Nelson, Barre, of the Vt. State Elks Assn.; and Peter Buchheim, Albany, Trustee of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.

(Continued on page 52)

**Above, center: Members of the Drill Team of Kingman, Ariz., Lodge who recently assisted in inducting a fine class of candidates into the Order.**

**Left: Officers of Grove City, Pa., Lodge, who initiated a class of 87 candidates at Butler, Pa. The class, which comprised prospective members of three lodges, Ellwood City, Butler and Grove City, was initiated in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener.**





Doris Day

By Captain Will Judy  
Editor, Dog World Magazine

## Training the Puppy

**A**SSUMING that you have acquired a healthy, normal puppy with a sparkling eye, insatiable curiosity and abundant activity, your next concern is to convert that bundle of energy into a well-mannered, obedient and companionable dog.

The full responsibilities of owning a dog extend far beyond provision of food and shelter. They include the third obligation of educating your dog so that you may eventually be proud of his accomplishments and he be proudly conscious of his worth and usefulness to you.

The teaching of tricks is a projection of training involving too much detailed information to include here. As a matter of fact, my book, *Training the Dog*, contains forty-nine chapters, most of which cover the various tricks that can be taught.

Before starting your puppy's education, it is well to remember that dogs, just as do people, vary in personality, intelligence and character. Take time to study your dog. From

the start, make a real effort to gain his confidence and it will follow that you will win his obedience through his faith in you—and not his fear. Obedience is the basis of all subsequent training. After he becomes acquainted with his new surroundings, he'll gain an air of confidence and possessiveness. Talk to him frequently, not the "'Ooo's 'ittle boy is 'oo?'" brand of conversation, but man-talk, as you would to a person. He won't understand a thing, but as dogs like the sound of the human voice, he'll listen, and in time the listening will do much to increase the bond between you, and even more, will contribute to his mental development.

When the puppy first arrives in your home he will very likely be a bewildered tyke—especially if he comes from a kennel. Remember he is entering a world as strange to him as would the planet Mars be to you. Avoid loud noises or swift movement near him. As soon as he arrives, let him have fresh, cool water, something to eat and a chance to relieve himself. Then put him in the bed that he will occupy during his puppyhood. (This should be a high-walled box, with a cushion of torn-up newspapers.) After this, let him alone for at least a few days—except to feed and exercise him.

Never lose your temper. This will confuse him and you'll get nowhere. Be prepared to employ your entire stock of patience. Never attempt to drill a dog that seems unwell. Should he be definitely sick, call for the vet.

When housebreaking, try to anticipate the puppy's needs; he will soon learn to indicate them. He may run in little circles close to you, with a distressed look, or he may run back and forth to the door. Don't ignore his appeal, but if you do, don't punish him if he should make a mistake. The error is yours, not his. Until he learns to "tell" you what he wants, take him out every few hours and from ten to fifteen minutes after each meal. He should be taken out first thing in the morning and last thing at night. His bed should be high-walled to prevent his climbing out in the dead of night. The newspaper bedding enables you easily to dispose of any indiscretions, although dogs as a rule, dislike to soil their beds. If he cries persistently at night, give him his biggest meal before retiring; he will sleep the heavier. After he grows a bit, and you want him for a watch dog, give the biggest meal in the morning and the lightest at night.

When he is loose during the day, spread a few sheets of paper in one of your least-used rooms and teach

(Continued on page 55)



# Foxcatchers' Darling

(Continued from page 7)

"She won't dance with you; probably won't speak to you. She'll be hanging around that camera chap. You don't want to see her anyway. She means nothing to you. Remember the spider."

As a slogan, it produced gooseflesh along the backbone; as a biological red light, it failed utterly. Plunket put on his dress pink. He departed, torn by apprehensive longing.

The apprehension was justified at once. Scarcely had he ducked the Maginot line of retired female foxhunters at the entrance, when he found himself wedged almost against Cub's straight, young back. Beyond her, towered Stephen Stevens, his ingenuous face marred by an expression of consternation. Plunket was trapped, an unwilling auditor, knee-deep in the middle of a conversation. Cub was saying in the reproachful tone of a fond mother whose darling, clad only in a pantie-waist, has just appeared with the roast at a formal dinner party, "Stevie, Stevie, Stevie!"

"What's wrong?"

"Your tie, darling."

"Have I forgotten it?"

"No, but it's on the loose."

She reached up and straightened it with deft fingers. Stephen beamed upon her. Plunket groaned inwardly. Cub looked suddenly over her shoulder and her face expressed complete surprise.

"Oh," she said,

"I didn't realize..."

"Excuse me,"

Plunket said savagely, and plowed rudely through several brace of hunting men to the bar.

"Double brandy," he told Sam. "No! Triple!"

That tie business, Plunket had to admit was something of a facer. It was an unmistakable danger signal that Cub had succumbed to the old maternal nudge. It made the situation not only more complicated, but practically desperate. You couldn't even guess the outcome

when a woman's emotions were mixed up with the desire to protect and cherish some helpless male. Look at Jinny Walker, a two-fisted, hell-for-leather gal, living in conjugal bliss with a crock like Hambleton Davis, who had been known to be tossed by a rocking chair. And this Stephen Stevens was the same type; tie back of the ear, lock of blond hair tumbling appealingly over the forehead, pathetic, wide-eyed gaze like a lost colt. Revolting, the whole thing, absolutely nauseating.

"A H, there you are," said old Cotter, coming into the bar. "What's Crom up to?"

"Crom? Don't know, I'm sure. Haven't even seen him. Never do see him any more."

"Came with Mazie Dixon. Dancin' with her. Leavin' Cub to that blasted picture-taker. Damned queer it seems to me. Can't pick up his line."

"Might be he's trying to check this Stevens by working through Cub's mother," Plunket said, hooking his

elbows wearily on the edge of the bar. The whole affair was getting beyond him. A feeling of bafflement came over him, as when hounds put up two foxes.

"Ha! Not a bad idea, that," old Cotter said. "Put a bee in her ear, eh? Say, 'Look here, old girl, you don't want your filly mated with someone not in the book, do you?' Damn bright of Crom. Lawyer cunning, didn't I tell you? Still," a look of uncertainty crossed his ruddy face, "like to be sure, eh? Go dance with Cub an' see what you can unearth."

"No use," Plunket said. "Still down on me."

"Damme, then I'll have a go with Mazie. Haven't danced in ten years. God help her. Sam, brandy! Straight!"

He swigged the drink and strode away, his boots thudding. Plunket gazed admiringly after him. Loved Cub, old Cotter did; like a father, almost. Always had. . . .

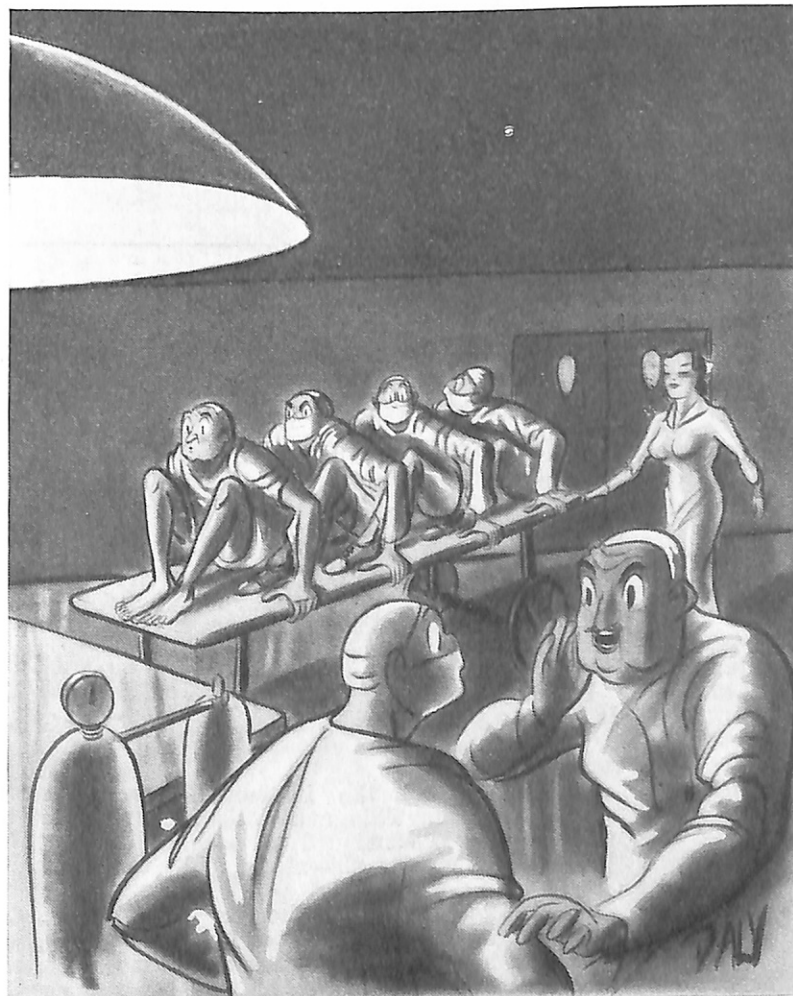
Plunket wandered out onto the broad veranda. The night was spiced with Autumn. Laughter and music echoed in his footsteps. Amid all this beauty his spirit lay like a flat tire in a field of blossoms.

Cub's voice said, out of the dimness, "Plunket! I must talk to you over here."

He whirled about. Her dress was an inverted flower, floating in the darkness. Light made a golden aura over her bare shoulders. She was no longer the booted and swaggering comrade of the hunting field. The nimbus of femininity threw its enchanted circle around her. Plunket's heart took the impossible fence of his woe with giddy ease. She was beautiful. He loved her! He was mute as a giraffe.

"Something queer is going on," she said. "I don't understand. It's about Crom."

"Crom?" Plunket managed hoarsely.



"It's that bob-sled casualty. He wouldn't come alone."



"He's up to something," Cub went on. "He's always talking to Mother. I'm worried."

Plunket smiled in relief. So he had been right in what he had suggested to old Cotter. Deckard was working a line through Mazie Dixon.

"He's been underfoot for the last two weeks," said Cub.

"Just lonely, I guess," Plunket said. "After all, losing three wives leaves a gap in a chap's life."

Cub shook her head and little glints of light were thrown off like sparks in the night.

"Plunket, I have a feeling Crom's looking for a fourth."

"Oh, no. That wasn't in the . . ."

He caught himself just in time. "He's so polite and thoughtful," Cub said. "He keeps handing you things and opening doors. He jumps up whenever you come into the room. It gives me the warbles." She glanced at him; in the shadow of long amber lashes, her eyes were soft and pleading. "Plunket, I'm sorry about that day. We never quarreled that way before."

Happiness enveloped Plunket, warm, intoxicating.

"Cub," he said.

"Cub, I . . ."

"Oh, there you are," drawled Deckard, emerging from the gloom. "What about the next—ah—dance, Cub?"

Plunket said firmly, "Sorry, old man. Taken."

"Too bad," Deckard lit a cigarette.

In the flame of the match his face had a wary, calculating look. He said to Cub, "Plunk seems to have had a change of—ah—heart."

Cub's eyebrows lifted.

"He wasn't so eager when we—ah—discussed our little plan."

"What plan?" asked Cub.

"Hasn't he told you?" Deckard's voice expressed polite surprise. "Cotter's been worried about this—ah—Stevens chap. He wanted Plunk to make a determined move and get in under the wire first. But Plunk—ah—refused to have a try."

Cub's face turned scarlet. Her tawny eyes began to narrow and glitter.

"Hardly—ah—gallant, if you know what I mean."

"Is this true?" Cub asked Plunket.

"Why, yes, in a way," he stammered. "Only Crom has twisted. . . ."

"Don't hedge. Did you refuse . . . refuse to. . . ."

"No," Plunket cried despairingly.

"That is . . . Cub, I mean. . . ."

Stevens barged into them. His eyes were round with excitement.

"Deborah," he said, "I'm going to make a lot of pix of the orchestra. Just hands and instruments. I'll call them the Spirit of Swing."

"Wonderful," cried Cub. "Come along, lamb."

She put her hand upon Stevens' arm and drifted lightly, like an uprooted blossom, toward the music.

Plunket turned to Cromwell. Slow and deep, rage was gathering in him.

"Look here," he began.

Deckard clapped him heartily upon the shoulder, said, "It's working."

lugubrious eyes while with thick, gentle fingers he removed the annoyances from pads and ears.

Plunket dropped into a huge chair, the leather scuffed and gnawed by generations of pups, and took his head in his hands.

"Come, come," said Cotter. "What's wrong?"

"Everything," Plunket replied, and related the scene on the veranda. "What do you make of that?" he asked. "Why should Crom give the show away? Let me down in front of Cub? It doesn't make sense. I can't get the hang of it."

Old Cotter tweaked the nearest dog's ear. His ruddy face was wrinkled with perplexity.

"We were just getting it patched up," Plunket went on, "when Crom popped in. Now Cub won't see me. 'Not at home,' says the butler, the maid, Mrs. Dixon, even Crom himself."

Cotter started. "Crom over there?"

"Answered the phone. Just like the head of the house."

Cotter said, "Blast!" His white eyebrows made a fierce line above the bridge of his bony old nose.

"Look here," he said. "Got to tell you this. . . . Remember Cub's daddy always wanted her to love hounds and huntin' the way he did?"

"Yes," Plunket said.

"That day he came his cropper, after we got him home, he called me and Crom in. Crom his lawyer, see? Made a secret codicil in his will. Said if Cub married an outsider, not a huntin' man, she'd get only a fair allowance. Wanted to keep any bounder from marryin' her for her money. Knew in case of true love, Cub wouldn't care. Bulk of fortune would then go to Mazie."

Plunket listened in gathering amazement. Slowly a horrid suspicion formed in his mind.

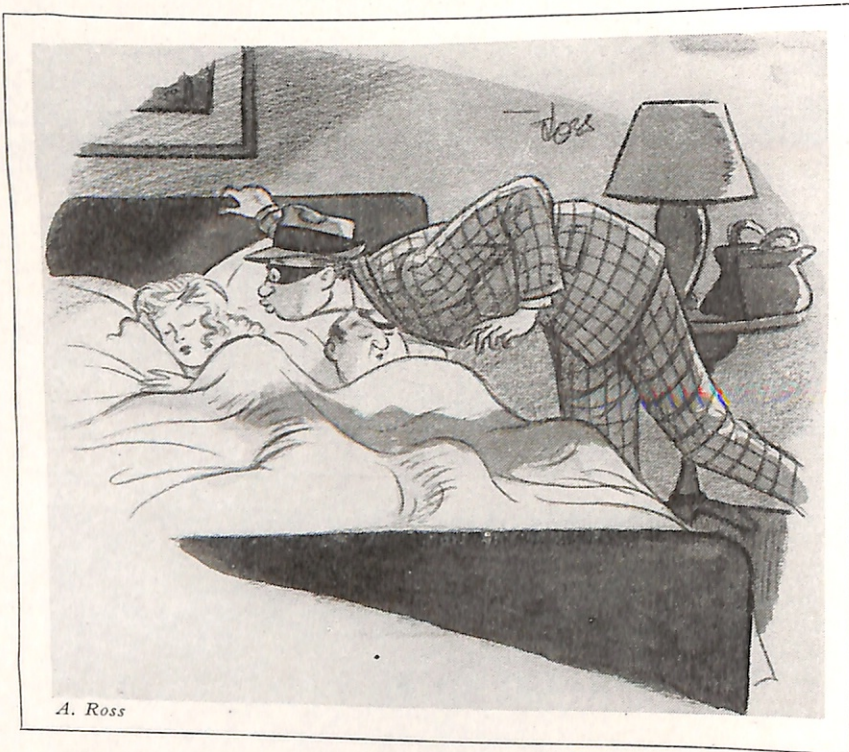
"But Crom wouldn't," he began.

"Oh, Crom's no villain. Plaything of fate, if you see what I mean. Used to plenty. Front runner. Pace gets hot, begins to crash his fences. Sees he has no chance with Cub. Plans his race different. Marry Cub off to camera chap while he grabs Mazie and a tidy million."

"But Crom's fond of Cub."

"Crom," said old Cotter sadly, "is most fond of Crom. No use being angry about it. Bad schoolin', that's all."

"Cub knows about the will, doesn't



A. Ross

Everything is going—ah—splendidly," and strode away.

Plunket caught at the veranda rail. Everything was going; his mind, too. And as for Cub, he was sure that she had gone forever.

"MISS DIXON is not at home, sir," the butler said.

Plunket rang off.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sewell, Miss Deborah's not here," the maid said.

Plunket put the phone back on the cradle.

"Deborah? Oh, dear, she's away somewhere, doing something," Mazie Dixon said.

Plunket slammed the receiver down.

"Oh, you, Plunk? Cub's—ah—incommunicado."

Plunket hurled the instrument across the room. Thin, and distinctly smug, words continued to issue. "Everything going—ah—nicely, old chap."

Plunket tore out of the house.

He found old Cotter plucking burrs from the eleven setters who shared his board and often his bed. They lay in a ring on the living-room floor and gazed at him from



she?" asked Plunket reasonably. "Of course. But Crom's little dido would never occur to her. Too honest herself."

"What about Mazie?"

"Innocent as a two-year-old."

"Damn," said Plunket. "If I could only see Cub. Talk to her alone."

"Think you'd bring her to heel?"

"I'd try like blazes."

"Hah," growled Cotter. "Got your eyes open at last."

"Yes, and too late. Crom and the camera chap have me pocketed."

"Run over 'em," Cotter said. "Run around. . . ." He stopped and glared at Plunket. "Can you run?"

"Run?" asked Plunket in bewilderment. "On foot, you mean?"

"Certainly."

"I did as a kid. Quarter-miler. Not top flight, exactly."

"Huh," said Cotter. "Good enough, I guess. Idea diddlin' around in the brain. Take a little doin'. . . . Comin' over here after the Hunt Meet?"

"I suppose. Everyone does. For that cockeyed steeplechase of yours."

"That's it," said Cotter. "That's what I mean. Be here. Sure. Meanwhile, have a little move of my own to try."

OLD COTTER'S foot steeplechase was a local classic. Practically everyone cast up for cocktails and a good laugh. Plunket arrived just as Cotter was making a rumbling sort of speech to the throng on the lawn. "Added prize," he bellowed. "Winner gets as partner for the dance at the Club tonight, Miss Cub Dixon."

Plunket realized suddenly what Cotter was doing. Here was a chance to have Cub to himself for a whole evening. A long shot, perhaps; that was up to him. But how had Cotter gotten Cub to agree? He sought Cub in the crowd. When he saw her, he knew Cotter hadn't bothered with such minor matters as securing Cub's permission for this gift of herself. The expression in her eyes boded no good for anyone. But she was trapped into a display of hearty sportsmanship by the cheer that arose. She shook her clasped hands above her head and cast an accusing glare at Plunket. Let her glower, Plunket thought, he'd win this race or bow a tendon. Then he saw Deckard and Stephen Stevens approaching Cotter.

"This little meet needs to be—ah—enlivened," Deckard said, smiling at Plunket. "I

could stand a bit of exercise. Stevens, here, wants a try."

"Oh, no, indeed," began Stevens.

"Yes, you do," said Deckard.

"Think again, old chap."

"Well, yes," Stevens said feebly.

Old Cotter stared in helpless dismay at Plunket. Two ambitious youths joined in. The five starters lined up. The mocking amusement lingered on Deckard's lips. Plunket glanced at Stevens. He appeared dazed. His eyes bulged and he kept edging away from Deckard.

Cotter bellowed and dropped the flag. The contestants lunged forward. At the first fence, the two outsiders tumbled. The brush was three feet high and solid. Plunket measured the distance and jumped. A shoulder bumped him sharply. He almost fell.

"Sorry," said Deckard. "I—ah—slipped."

Plunket ran on. They went uphill to the second fence. Deckard was at his heels. Plunket cleared the brush. As he landed, a foot struck his ankle. He staggered, but recovered. Deckard said, "Beg pardon, old man."

"Keep off," said Plunket. "What's the matter with you?"

He was beginning to breathe hard. Glancing back, he saw Stevens sail over the jump like a jackrabbit.

At the third fence, Deckard deliberately shoved Plunket into it. He fell. A red gust of rage crackled in him. He got up and jumped the fence standing. Deckard was half way to the next obstacle. Plunket

began to run. Fury drove his long legs. But Deckard could run, too. He was still five yards on top when they cleared the last brush and tore down-hill to the water jump. The crowd roared with glee and excitement as Plunket gave everything he had and drew up level with Deckard. The brook looked impossibly wide. Plunket leaped and Deckard jumped directly in front of him. They both vanished in a cascade of spray.

Plunket struggled to his hands and knees. A dim shape hurtled over his head and landed on the bank. It was Stevens, running like a quarter horse.

Plunket gazed in despair toward the finish. Not a ghost of a chance. Stevens was already at the line. The flag waved a signal of blasted hopes. Old Cotter looked on the verge of a stroke. Cub was being presented to the victorious Stevens. Plunket glanced down at Deckard, still sitting in the brook. He was smiling; his lips moved as if he were casting up huge and pleasant sums of money. Plunket turned and strode away to where his car was parked.

"A MR. STEVENS to see you, sir," Plunket's man said.

Plunket looked up from the davenport where he dwelt upon his misery.

"Very important, he says, sir."

"Send him in."

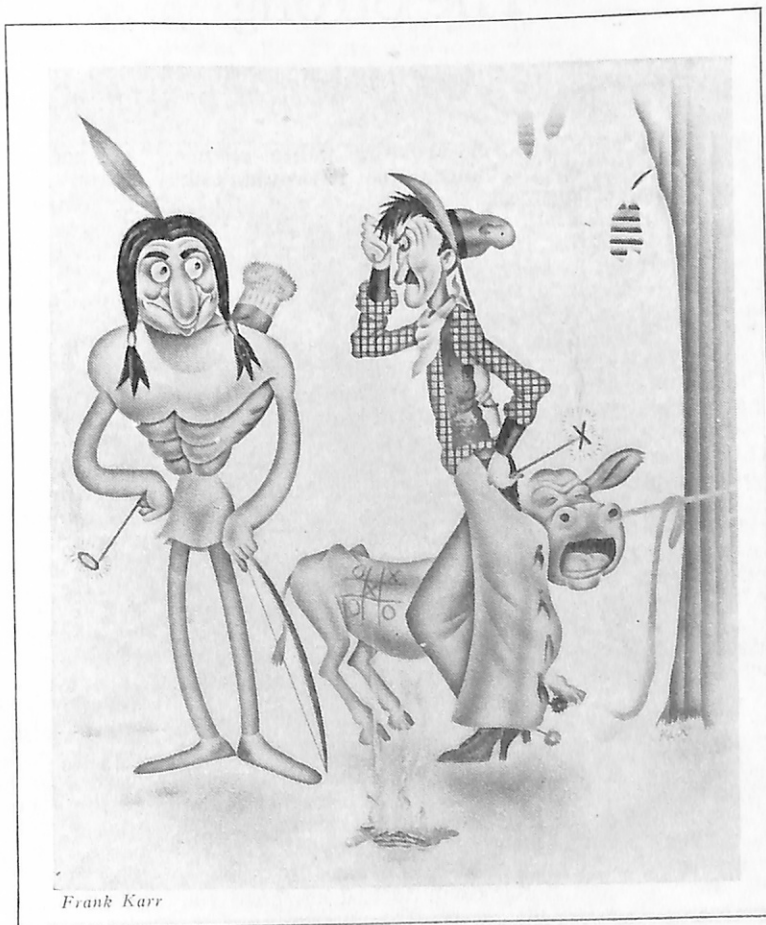
Stevens entered in a blundering rush. He looked like the only survivor of some major catastrophe. He handed a large photograph to Plunket and cried wildly, "Look at that."

Plunket recoiled in horror. Upon an enormous leaf a gigantic and loathsome tomato worm uncurled. The enlargement gave such reality to the wrinkled skin, the blank eye, the multitude of feet, that Plunket expected it to crawl off the picture and fall into his lap. He started to hurl it away, but Stevens said, "Not the subject. There, in the background."

Plunket gazed beyond the worm where, blurred by lack of focus, dimly emerged a pair of riding boots and the fluffy edge of a chiffon dress, quite evidently covering the lower portions of two people standing close together.

"I never saw them," Stevens explained, "until I made the blow-up just now. I wasn't aware when I snapped the pic that anyone was around. You see, I was squatting down in the conservatory. . . ."

"What are you driving at?" Plunket asked.





"Don't you know who they are?"

"Certainly not."

"Mrs. Dixon," said Stevens, "and that terrible Deckard person. If you'll examine the expression of the feet, you can tell exactly. . . ."

"Great heavens," gasped Plunket. "You're right!"

"He wants to marry her," Stevens said earnestly. "And he's trying to force me to marry Deborah."

"Force?" stammered Plunket. "Don't you want to marry Cub?"

"Never!" Stevens said firmly. "She's a very nice girl, but an artist has no time for a wife. I want to be a great photographer."

Plunket groped through a whirling universe toward solid ground. "How can Cromwell make you marry if you don't want to?"

"It's a long story," Stevens said. "Mrs. Dixon had promised to set me up in New York. In the interest of art, you know. This Deckard creature found it out. He says if I don't marry Deborah I won't get a penny. Mrs. Dixon, he claims, will do whatever he advises. You can see what a hole that puts me in."

Plunket leaped to his feet and waved the picture. "Wait here," he said grimly. "I'll settle this."

He drove the station wagon at a crazy rate over to old Cotter's. That gentleman was in the shower. Also,

he was singing. The combined uproar was deafening. Plunket yelled, "Come out!"

"Takin' a shower!"

"I don't care. Come out!"

"No clothes on!"

Plunket tore aside the curtain and held the photograph before Cotter's streaming face. He shrieked and thrust the picture away.

"Won't look! Obscene!"

"Not the animal," said Plunket. "Down there. What do you see?"

"Boots," said Potter. "Dress, or something."

"It's Cromwell," said Plunket, "kissing Mrs. Dixon!"

"God bless my soul!"

"He's going to marry her."

"What? Let me see that."

Cotter seized the picture. He stood nude and dripping, inspecting the photograph. Slowly a smile curved his lips; then a blush struggled violently to appear on features dyed by forty years of wind and whiskey.

"Not Crom," he said. "Me."

Plunket reeled, uttering the horrid mumblings of a gentleman coming out of ether.

"Goin' to marry old Mazie," said Cotter. "Little move of my own."

For an eon of sixty seconds Plunket wavered on the thin line between normality and neurosis. Then he dashed for the door.

"What's the rush?" yelled Cotter.

"Cub!" shouted Plunket.

Cotter ran to the window and flung it open. Plunket was leaping at the station wagon.

"She loves you!" he bellowed.

"Told me so when I asked her if I could marry Mazie. Said if you hadn't been so bossy. . . ."

The station wagon actually reared as it departed.

THE clock struck eleven and suddenly Plunket gasped.

"What's the matter, darling?" Cub asked, lifting her tawny head from his shoulder.

"Stevens—he's waiting to hear from me."

"Let him wait."

"Oh, no. After all, if it hadn't been for him, I'd not be here. I'll phone. Won't be a minute."

"I'll go with you," Cub said.

"Yes, sir," Plunket's man answered. "He's here. Acting very queerly though, I must say."

"In what way?"

"Lying in the fireplace, sir. With a little camera. Says he's taking pix, sir, of a cricket."

"Good," said Plunket. "Tell him he gets the studio."

"Yes, sir. . . . What did you say, sir?"

"Nothing," said Plunket.

Cub kissed him again.

## The Strong

(Continued from page 17)

Erickson made a freighting trip to the railroad once in six weeks for store supplies, and brought back the mail. The trip was two days going and three return, with a six-horse team and two wagons in tandem. It was in January, the deepest of the winter, that the valley people heard the plane throbbing above the clouds; it was fifty miles or more from the Reno-Salt Lake route. They compared notes in the store that night. The next day Ned Kent, who was homesteading with his brother Gil in the Basin, came in for supplies and reported the plane had sounded directly over the cabin, heading for the peaks of Old Baldy. That afternoon—it was Sunday—a young buck from Gold Hill over to see a valley girl brought news the plane was missing. There was a telephone in Gold Hill at the mine office. "From all we hear, nobody caught sight or sound of it east of the mountains," the young fellow said after a period of discussion. "Chances are it's somewhere up around Old Baldy."

Betty Ellen was in the store; it was the common social center. "Why don't some of you men make up a party and start out to search for the plane?" she suggested.

Erickson broke a polite silence, "Well, chances are it wouldn't be there."

Betty Ellen turned to Ned Kent. "But if it went over your cabin in the Basin and didn't get through it would have to be up there around Old Baldy somewhere."

The homesteader shrugged. "It can stay there. I'd think twice before tackling that country—without ten-twenty feet of snow up high there."

"But there were passengers. They might be alive, wounded! They might be huddled up there freezing, hoping help will come!"

"Sure, and there's the thousand dollars they always pay when somebody finds a lost plane," the young fellow from Gold Hill said. "Me, I could use that, and maybe I'll go up looking, myself—if the plane ain't found come spring."

"Are you all going to sit here warm and snug and talk about it?" the girl demanded. "Doesn't it mean something that people might be dying up there in those peaks? Isn't anybody going to do anything?"

There was another polite silence, and Betty Ellen ducked her head and hurried across the snowy road to

her room. Within ten minutes Chuck Elton and Hod White arrived on their usual Sunday visit.

Nobody but the two men and Betty Ellen Smith know what was said in the Erickson parlor, but soon Hod and Chuck came out of the house and crossed to the store.

"I'll need a little canned stuff for a pack trip," Chuck said.

Erickson filled the order, and Hod said, "Give me the same."

They stayed in the Basin with Ned Kent's brother Gil that night, left their horses there and started into the mountains on snowshoes the next morning before daylight.

"You're a couple of damned fools!" Gil Kent called from the doorway.

They plodded side by side up the twisting ravine to where it ended at the hogsback, went up the hogsback through the aspens, picked a way down a pitch and clumped upwards again—steadily, side by side, silently, neither making the concession of following in tandem to take advantage of the other's trail. It got blue and then violet and finally white as day came. It was very still and cold. The snow was fluffy soft where the sun didn't reach during the day, inclined to flow down steep slopes with



their weight; on exposed slopes there was a glazed crust. Their breath came white, frosting eyebrows and coat collars and cap rims. Steam rose straight up from sweating bodies. They climbed over the minor humps and kept on up the great slope of Old Baldy, and each was too stubborn to be the first to suggest a rest. At this height the snow covered the brush. The tall pines showed through. Once Chuck stepped on a hollow spot covering the tip of a small pine, and floundered deeply. Hod kept on steadily. Chuck straightened out his snowshoes, clambered out and hurried to catch up. They kept on without rest, hour after hour, grimly and silently, fighting up the snow slope among the pines, with the back packs bearing down onto gasping lungs.

They were near the timber line when Hod glanced at the sun. Chuck looked at his watch. They slipped packs and began getting dry branches from a gnarled pine for a fire. It was noon.

The drag was harder in the afternoon. By sundown they were too worn out with fatigue to sweat any more. It was utterly still and cold up above the timber line on the great white slope. Above, always receding upwards, were the black tiers of cliffs. To the west the sky was salmon above the horizon. The valley lay far down, with puny clumps of ranch trees spotted along the twisting row of willows bordering Deep Creek. The cold bore in from all sides silently as the two figures inched upwards. Their eyes were red from the snow glare; Hod's chunky red face had deepened to a purple, and Chuck's tanned skin was going black. There was a baked black film on their lips and their eyes had sunken somewhat in this single long day of effort. The snow went violet and then blue as night came. The stars bloomed low and white in the cold, and there was no sound but the labored gasps of the two men who fought up the long white slope side by side. The white moon had floated over the mountain by the time they reached the base of the cliffs below the peaks. They paused a moment, and Chuck took a side-wise step to steady himself as he reeled on looking up the face of the rocks.

"Maybe you'd better not try going up the cliff until morning, Chuck."

"Yeah. Maybe

it's best if you camped here for the night, Hod."

They found a sheltered niche, and gathered a few twisted brush twigs for a feeble fire. They ate cold beans, and chunks of bacon hardly warmed in the skillet, drank luke-warm water that had stood on coffee grounds. They rolled in blankets, in clothes soggy from sweat, and rested until the cold drove them into frozen boots and stomping along the barren, glazed rocks below the cliffs to get circulation going. Then back to the blankets to doze, and up again within an hour, with the feet always throbbing from the icy boots, blood coming in stinging spurts as boot soles hammered on the rocks. They were eating at the tiny fire before dawn.

"I fetched along some rope," Chuck said. "We could tie ourselves together. I'll go first."

Hod pulled off a mitten and got a half-dollar, put it under his hand on his other wrist. "Heads or tails."

WITH daybreak they started up the cliffs, Hod in the lead. It was heart-breaking, zig-zag work. In a few minutes as he warmed up, Chuck's toes on the right foot began shooting pain as if they were breaking with each step; they had frozen during the night. Chuck kept on with jaws tight and sweat running, and Hod never once looked behind.

They topped the cliffs in early afternoon, and began exploring the ravines between the summit peaks. There were a thousand places in this bleak, ragged country where a plane could be nestling among the mountain tops. That night they had no fire at all. There was some wind in the peaks, and there was no sleep. They huddled in the lee of a cliff and

for every minute of rest, spent five in motion to keep blood going.

The day came cold and clear again, and as they ate breakfast of frozen beans and frozen bacon their eyes met for a long look. Either man could have said, "Look here, this is a crazy business. Let's go back." But neither man would be the one to say it, and they spent this day prowling among the peaks.

"What are you limping for?" Hod asked along in the afternoon.

"Who's limping?" croaked Chuck savagely. "You'd better do something for your nose and keep it out of my business. It's froze."

When night came on they didn't stop, for their bodies now generated barely enough heat in motion. The two great men kept wandering in the silent cold, up and down and along the many places where a plane might be. There was no time anymore, nor direction; there was no reason, no hope and no world, except the ragged silhouettes of the peaks. There was no feeling but numbness, no motive in life but to fight numbness away.

So daylight came and reflected on the cracked and blackened masks that had been faces, and the great white world waited silently for these great hulks who had been the strongest of men, as they inched around a steep slope, side by side. Hod was below Chuck as they went around the slope, and there was a hard glaze to the snow. Hod's snowshoes began sliding, down toward a sheer drop. Hod floundered flat and rammed an elbow through the snow crust to stop himself. Lumps of glazed snow rolled down the pitch and disappeared over the lip of the drop.

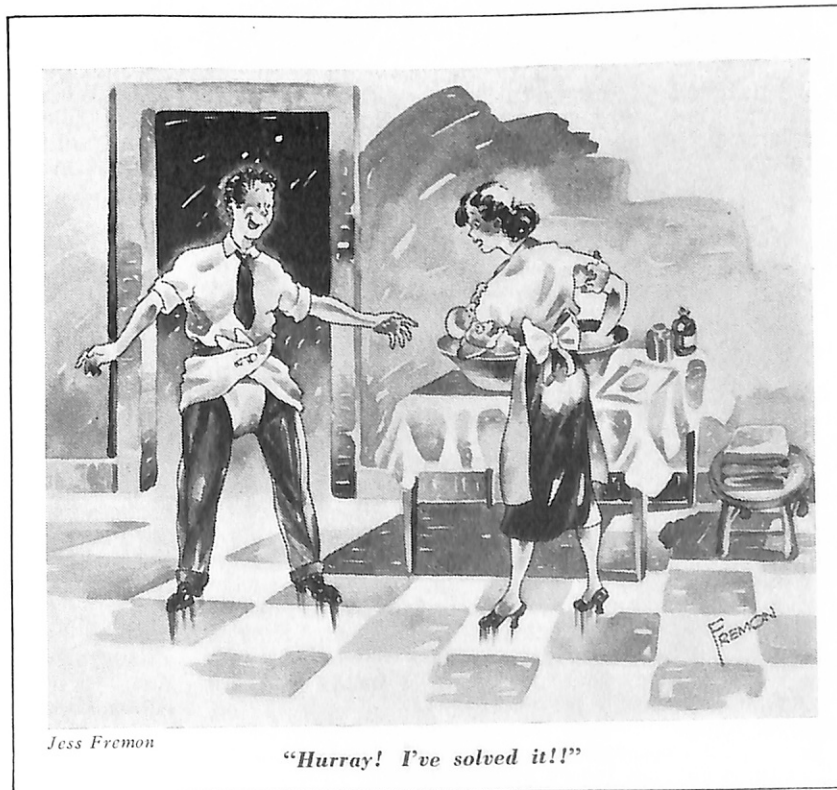
Hod pulled up a face that looked like it had been boiled and then dipped in ashes. "Chuck, I've been figuring—"

"Listen!"

Bits of hard snow crust were rolling over the lip and falling. And from below came the sound as of pebbles dropping on tin.

One wing of the plane was bare and frosty out of the snow; the body was buried in a drift. The men dug a hole in the drift with their snowshoes, until it was obvious they could be of no help to those inside. They sat there at the bottom of the hole and smoked.

"Excitement, I guess," Chuck said. "First time on the trip this foot's been warm."



Jess Fremon

"Hurray! I've solved it!!"



Hod said, "It ain't far from here, straight down over the mountain. We'll make the Kent's place by sundown." Then he added bleakly, "Hell," as a man might do who has endured much and settled nothing.

They finished cigarettes, ate a little frozen bacon, then crawled out of the hole and began putting on snowshoes.

"What the hell you doing?" Hod asked.

Chuck was kneeling on his snowshoes, binding them around his forelegs. He said, "I'll go this way. It's mostly downhill, anyhow."

"You froze that foot. That's why it got warm."

"I'll get along."

"The hell you say! I'll make a sled and get you down!"

"No, you won't, Hod."

Hod said thinly, "You want to argue?"

Chuck paused, and then said very quietly, "You win, Hod."

THERE was some metal torn in a flap; Hod bent it off, fastened a seat cushion from the plane onto it. He began pulling with the rope. Chuck sat with all the blankets around him, and his blackened face was beyond emotion. Hod seemed to have some new strength as he pushed on. They followed a ravine down, and on the steep pitches Chuck braked the sled with the heel of a snowshoe. They came out onto the bald surface above the cliffs, and at the lip of the cliffs Chuck said, "Hands and knees are as good as anything, for a spell."

Hod threw the sled over the cliffs, and the two men crawled backwards, with the rope between them. This was long, slow work, inching down rough, steep surfaces, following zigzag ledges. In the afternoon they were still in the cliffs, and the sun refracted hot from the bare rocks. Chuck made no sound as small circulation began coming into his right foot, but he chewed his blackened lips until they were puffed and grotesque things. He had to have help many times, and the sun was big

and red in the west when they had dug out the sled below the cliffs and were going down the long, bare slope to timberline.

"We'll stay here," Chuck said in the timber, "and make up a good fire."

"Better keep that foot froze until we can stay somewhere."

"I'll stay with the fire and you go get the Kent boys to come up for me."

"I can take you in, Chuck."

Again there were stars, and Hod plodded on with some reserve of power that comes to a champion. Down through the timber, diagonally up a ravine wall and onto the hogback, into the beginning of the ravine that led down to the Basin. Only a few more miles.

And then there was one of those ridiculous tiny accidents. In a sheltered spot in the ravine where the snow was thin there was an old pine log with dead branches on it. Hod caught the rear of a snowshoe on a branch stump and went off balance heavily over the log, breaking the right leg between ankle and knee. Chuck crawled to him, straightened him out, rolled a cigarette, lighted it, put it between Hod's lips.

"Well," Hod said huskily when he had finished the smoke, "it's poetic justice or something. It just wasn't in the cards for me to fetch you in."

Chuck said, "I'll try to make it to the cabin." There was something in his sunken eyes. Some sort of fire.

"You'll never make it, you damned fool."

Chuck rolled Hod in the blankets, broke off branches from the log, started a fire under it.

"I'll make a try," he said. "I'll borrow your snowshoes. They're the narrow kind."

Kneeling on the snowshoes, thongs laced to forelegs, he started out. The legs had to be spraddled wide for the webs to clear, and the strain soon was splitting him clear up to the shoulders. One thing, it was downhill; another thing, it would be

hardly two miles. He wobbled from side to side with his torso to lift the snowshoes. He used his hands to pull the points up and ahead, to wiggle over rocks and pull himself along with brush.

Gill Kent was out feeding his stock the next morning when he saw the curious, moving, black spot at the ravine mouth over at the far end of the Basin.

Betty Ellen Smith came out to the cabin to nurse them, and one of the old married teachers took her place in the school. Betty Ellen didn't have to be psychic to see the hopeless love in the eyes of both men. She was a bright girl.

CHUCK and Hod were up and around together, come spring, Chuck with three toes missing, Hod with a bit of a limp, but essentially as strong in all ways as before. When they weren't together, they were talking about each other. "D'you know what that damned fool done?" Chuck would say. "He pulled me down Old Baldy on that piece of tin . . ." And Hod would tell people, "Listen, that customer crawled on his hands and knees . . ." It got a bit boring.

The valley people began considering them not as two strong men, but as a pair; they began wondering what would happen if they tangled with two brothers named Morgan, over Ely way, who were reputed to be a pair of holy terrors. Say, that would be a fight!

Chuck and Hod kept visiting Betty Ellen Smith. On Tuesday nights Hod would tell her what a swell guy Chuck was, and of a Friday Chuck would hint to her that a girl could go a long ways to find a better man than Hod. On Sunday when they saw her together, they said little.

When school was out they took her to the train and kissed her goodbye. A new teacher came out in the fall. Word came to the valley that Betty Ellen Smith had married a man named Whistleweight during the summer.

## Shock-Proof

(Continued from page 23)

ours—down in black and white."

The bellow, deep, mortal, broke from Kopek's thick lips. "It's ours. We got it in a contract. We got it all—the collector's paradise!" Rigid, he eyed Tom obliquely. "You know what we got, Tom Morgan? I tell you. We got the collection of 'Folly' Lord—who wouldn't even buy from an agent, and was gypped by every crook dealer in the world! Now you know what. We got a contract to sell a palace full of trash!"

Suddenly Tom knew what it was that he had tried to remember about her family.

When Kopek next spoke it was not

with vindictiveness or reproach, but as one who, from long and mournful experience, has accustomed himself to the blind disorders of a mad, man-made world.

"You could not know, my boy," he said resignedly. "It was for this I begged you on my knees to let me see all the clients. I am a man who knows what it is in every corner of every house in New York. Now it is too late. Well, we sell that junk, and do our best. For the rest, we will forget."

Tom said slowly, "You don't suppose this girl knows she's just got a lot of truck, do you?"

"Of the girl I know nothing," his partner admitted. "Of her father, I know plenty. A monkey-man out of my own generation. He invented a fancy kind of a coat—with the pockets in the back. He took a bath once in a tub of burgundy. All the time the gossip papers had something screwy about him. He drove his wife to an early grave. When he died he was living with a Billy Pilsky chorus girl from Tenth Avenue. His race-horse was named Anna Held. You see what kind of a fellow. He didn't know any more about antiques than that!"

Tom roused slowly. "That's what



the girl meant about not letting herself be surprised any more."

"Listen," said Joe Kopek seriously. "A girl with such a father couldn't possibly have no more surprises."

Tom could see that his partner had resigned himself to a lot of work listing, arranging—with little reward. Joe sat there, eyes half closed, relighting a soggy cigar, depressed but slowly regaining a natural cynical equipoise.

Yet something troubled Tom Morgan and would not let him put the best face on a bad situation. He thought of that girl, and could think only of one other thing that mattered. She needed money, and he had assured her he could sell that stuff. He was not going to disappoint her. With that pantaloon father, no wonder she steeled herself against shock. She was not going to be driven into that guy Drew's arms simply because she had no money.

Tom did not rouse his partner crassly or hurriedly, because he understood Joe Kopek. He did it as he would sell something from a high desk at auction.

"Joe," he began, "do you think this sale will make any money for her?"

Joe Kopek relit the damp, chewed cigar. "So little we will not talk about it."

"Bad as that?"

"Worse, if it could be," said his partner. "She will find out that when you got nothing to sell—you get nothing."

Tom looked up. "You're an old auctioneer, Joe. How could we put this over?"

"For a sale like this," said the older man firmly, "there is no putting over. Better she has a big fire, and forgets the whole matter."

Tom was not discouraged. All his life he had sold things, and now he was not going to be balked. "Joe, there is one way to sell this truck. Suppose we had a buyer at the sale. A man who would buy the stuff that nobody else wanted—a man I could count on?"

Said Joe Kopek, "Here will be no buyers to count on. Only Brooklyn housewives and garbage collectors from Second Avenue."

"You don't follow me," Tom insisted. "I have a man in mind. He'll let the few good pieces be bought by people who want them. He will only buy the junk." Tom's mind was made up now. "I'll pay

for it. I've got some money—say twenty-five hundred dollars. But we won't need anything like that. This will cost only a little. I'll just buy the cheap pieces nobody else wants. You get me. I don't want the stuff. It's simply—well, it will give that girl a little more money."

Said the other uneasily, "I am an old man, and all at once I am afraid."

"Joe," Tom told him evenly, "I want you to buy up that left-over junk for me. It won't cost much."

His partner rose on trembling limbs. "In my bones I have felt it coming. But never will I make myself such a fool." He declared tremulously, "I will give to my dead partner's son my help and advice, yes. But for me, Joe Kopek, to buy the junk of Folly Lord! My boy, you will not ask me. I would be a laughing-stock among my fellows!"

"Joe," Tom said, "I'm asking you now."

"Never," said his partner. "Never while I have got a breath in my body."

But Tom knew he would, if he kept after him—not too fast, but in the right way.

TOM saw her, while they were listing the items for sale, while helpers in aprons moved the furniture around, tagged it and recorded the contents of chests and cabinets. Joe Kopek superintended the process, noted a few isolated pieces of value,

but was not lifted from a settled gloom. He sought only to catch Tom's eye with reproachful, heart-felt expressions. But Tom was not thinking of anybody but the girl. Once you saw her you couldn't think about anything else—except, maybe, a license.

"You throw money away on a girl like that?" said Joe Kopek. "A girl with a dead pan?"

"After I help her out," Tom said, "she won't have a dead pan. What makes her look like that is anxiety."

His partner would have said something but for the fact that Mary Lord suddenly came into the hallway where Tom sat at a desk. The same point-blank casualness was in her voice as she repeated, "You think this sale will go?"

BEHIND Tom, Joe Kopek's voice said viciously, "One man is already waiting to buy," and Tom would have introduced him except that Joe walked out into the alcove where Drew was standing, adjusting a gardenia in his buttonhole.

"I just wanted to be sure," the girl said. "Of course, I know it's a famous collection."

"Of course," Tom agreed, and wondered if they would ever be together in a dark house again—or, if not, then in the still of the night.

For the first time some fleeting expression—he couldn't tell whether worry or wonder—came over her face. "I've wanted to say something," she said hurriedly. "You thought you deceived me—you know, with that 'our Mr. Morgan' talk over the phone. Well, I wasn't really surprised to find out the truth. I had heard about you."

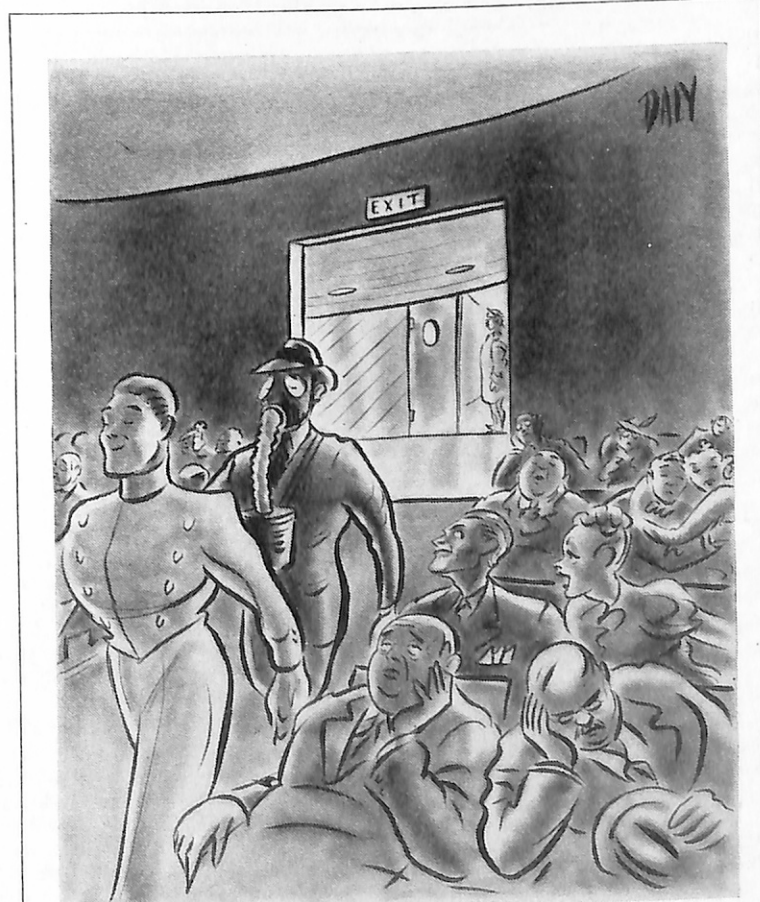
Tom's breath stopped. "I guess you heard about my brass lungs. But I'm not just a hog-caller."

Then she said something that made his breath come again in deep, full rhythm, "Oh, I knew about you long before you were a hog-caller. At a lawn party on Long Island. You wouldn't remember it—it was too long ago."

A great deal sprang up inside of Tom that he wanted to get out, but it was too strong stuff to say right now, so what he asked was, "And you thought of me ever since?"

"No," quietly. "I didn't. But I did know you were an auctioneer."

He let go a little. "I remembered you all right. You had a green hair ribbon, and it kept



George Daly

"He must have read the reviews."



blowing off. Your dress got caught on a bush."

Her eyes widened, and lips twisted mechanically. "You *do* remember me? When I phoned you, I didn't think you would!"

"I remembered you," Tom said, "very well. Sure, I remembered you."

He heard the front door slam, and knew that this was Joe Kopek definitely departing for a sweeter, cleaner land.

Tom wondered why the girl's face now held a surprise wholly out of proportion to what he had just told her. Then she turned away, wearing that stiffening mask again.

"Mary," said Drew, who had strolled in, "you'll be tired for the theater tonight, unless you rest. This man ought to know his business by now."

Tom could see the girl's annoyance at this, but he could see something else—something that was half fear and half recklessness, and he kept wishing she'd make a million dollars out of this auction so Drew would never get her.

She was there, off and on, during all the listing. He did not talk with her, but could see her occasionally, passing through piles of gaudy, imitation furniture and old rugs that were now rolled and tagged, and had probably never had much value and had even less now.

WHEN Tom climbed up onto his desk there was a larger crowd than he had expected. Most had come out of a simple inquisitiveness to see the workings and intimate trappings that had made the garish figure of Folly Lord go 'round. It could be the only reason the few dealers were here. Yet determination filled Tom's bosom when he picked up the gavel, and looked down upon those seated on the folding chairs.

"It isn't necessary to go into the history of the effects to be sold today," he announced. "Mr. Lord was a man known in New York for many years."

Some one below him cleared a throat harshly—that would be Joe Kopek.

"We will get down to business," Tom said. "These effects possess an interest all their own. You've come for them—and my job isn't to prevent your getting them."

The scraping of that chair, raspily, could have been none but Kopek.

Two helpers brought up the first article—a mirror—and Tom glimpsed Mary Lord. She sat well back of the crowd, almost, but not quite hidden behind a sofa

which Joe Kopek had assured him was of highly doubtful vintage. Her face was set, intent. Beneath the round, black, pork-pie hat, it was all that was necessary to brace him.

"Here's something to start with," Tom said. "You can see it's a mirror with a mahogany frame. Frame and glass in good condition. How much am I offered?"

A voice uttered something in the low, abashed tone of one new to auctions, and Tom picked it up, repeated, "A dollar. One dollar for this mirror is not much. Do I hear two?" He did not hear two, but one-fifty. Tom again cast his eye upon the original bidder—an embarrassed stout woman—and tendered her the challenge, "Do I hear two?"

"Two," said the flustered fat lady, and looked around as if, at the same time, both fearful and proud.

The hammer went down on two dollars.

The first test of how the sale would go was not the English wing-chair which fetched two hundred dollars. The ordeal began with an armoire—ungraceful, mahogany veneer. In a poor light it might have looked like real mahogany and, by the unwary, mistaken for such—but this was not poor light. The first bid was for seven dollars, and Tom could not have hoped for more.

Tom said, "Somewhere among you do I hear eight?"

A deep silence answered him.



Aldo

"They got Rover!"

"Eight?" repeated Tom. "Do I hear eight?" And then he did hear it—bitten off from the tongue of one reluctant, but foredoomed.

"Eight," said Joe Kopek unhappily, and shrank from his fellow dealers' eyes.

Tom asked coolly, "Do I hear nine?" with a clear conscience, because he knew that it was his own money which would have to pay for it.

"Nine," said a new voice.

"Nine," said Tom, "and now am I bid ten?" and waited for what he knew must come, because Joe Kopek was a man of his word. Yet it seemed an uncomfortably long time before his ears picked up that sullen admittance.

"Nine-fifty," said Joe, and that was the end of that—for the attendant moved, with the hammer's bang, to Joe Kopek's side, and Tom knew he had sold himself a mountain of mahogany veneer.

Just for a second he glanced up to see who it was that had forced the price up—the voice had been oddly familiar.

The next article was a bird's-eye maple bed, and right then Tom decided that Gratton Lord had not only been an eccentric, but likewise one with low taste. In addition to possessing a singularly repellent grain, the wood had been vulgarized by a furniture maker with ambitions toward sculpture. The headboard may have had angels on it or not—but

some gross, pasted-on excrecence undoubtedly covered its surface.

"What am I offered for this bed?"

The silence that greeted his invitation was profound.

And then, "Ten."

With wonder in his soul, Tom located the bidder. It was Rodney Drew. Tom said slowly, "Ten. Who will make it eleven?"

It was seconds before Kopek's whispered acquiescence reached his ears, "Eleven."

"Twenty," snapped Drew.

"Twenty. Who will make it twenty-one?" Tom glared at Joe Kopek, and it was the voice of a cornered thing that reached him.

"Twenty-one," croaked Joe Kopek—and Drew let him have it. This participation of Rodney Drew in the auction was something Tom had not counted on at all.

At first he wondered why Drew, a connoisseur, should want such truck. Then the truth began to dawn on him. The man was bidding for the same reason that he, Tom, had got Kopek to bid—because he wanted to do something for the girl.



One day, Tom thought, he'll tell her how he bought this stuff to keep her out of the gutter—he'll do it, all right! But pretty soon Tom began to realize something else. Drew's smirking expression revealed that he sensed Kopek was buying the trash—for Tom.

And then Drew made his final gesture of extreme confidence and suavity. All that afternoon the auction continued, with the slow, arduous procession of furniture moved into place by sweating attendants, with the crowd thinning out, and only the occasional glimpses of that girl's white face, strangely haunted now. And Rodney Drew bid on many articles—but bought none.

It was easy to see he had figured out Tom and Joe Kopek's little gesture.

Harassed by Drew always bidding the price up, Kopek played his role out to the bitter end. Tom's voice grew into a dry refrain on his own ears, "Do I hear twenty?" after Kopek's bid.

"Thirty," Drew clipped when the four imitation Duncan Phyfe chairs were lined up.

"Do I get more?" Tom said, and then he waited for Joe Kopek's badgered grunt, "Thirty-one." By that time Tom had lost count of how much furniture Drew had forced him to buy at stiff prices. But he didn't care much—Drew was never going to have anything on Mary Lord.

"YOU have bought plenty," said his father's partner when it was over, and the last deposits had been paid. "Not all of this furniture, you understand, was bad. Even a fool like that Lord was human—he couldn't get rooked every time. Some of it was good—a very little. But you did not buy it, remember," Kopek continued. "You bought the worst. You grabbed what nobody else would even look at. All right, it was your idea. But me—I am a man who will be laughed at in University Place."

Tom said thoughtfully, "How much?"

He was touched by the way the old man lowered his voice, as if he did not want to hear the sound.

"Tommy, it did not work out like you said. Ten and twenty mounts up. If you got three hundred left I will be astonished. I am hurt here in my heart bad, but say nothing. You are your father's boy. Once to

an old lady he gave five hundred dollars for a phony Sheraton table—because she was his mother's schoolmate. You—you did not make a gesture. You are picked clean. It took all you had. That damned Drew did it."

Tom left him standing by the door, holding his derby, studying a pile of tagged pieces, sorrowing but loyal.

Then Tom walked slowly with the check into the next room. The girl was so pale he figured it must have

The girl said fiercely, "It's got to be arranged, and it's *not* because I consider them valuable. I've got to buy back about"—she glanced at the scrap of penciled paper she held—"about twenty-two hundred dollars worth of *junk*!"

Tom stared.

"Don't you think I knew it was junk?" she asked quivering. "Nobody could live with my father without knowing how—foolish he was. I told you I knew who you were. People with furniture to sell say you

can sell anything. That's why I called you. I was hoping you'd sell this junk. Nobody ever looked out for me—I was going to do it myself."

After a bit Tom said, "Well you needed money. That part was all right."

"No, it wasn't," she said hotly. "I really thought from the first time that I was putting something over on you. I thought that was just business. Then I saw that old man, your partner, buying my trash. That didn't make it business any more."

You see, I realized

Rodney was bidding those cheap things up. I could see him doing it—and I knew why." Under her breath she repeated, "I knew darned well why he was doing it." She hesitated. "Well, so you got stuck. *Why* were you buying it? I haven't the faintest idea."

"Why do you imagine?" said Tom, but did not feel sure of himself. He wished they were in that dark room again.

She said, "Maybe I could guess."

"That's a good guess."

"Then you'll take your money back?" she asked.

"I didn't say that."

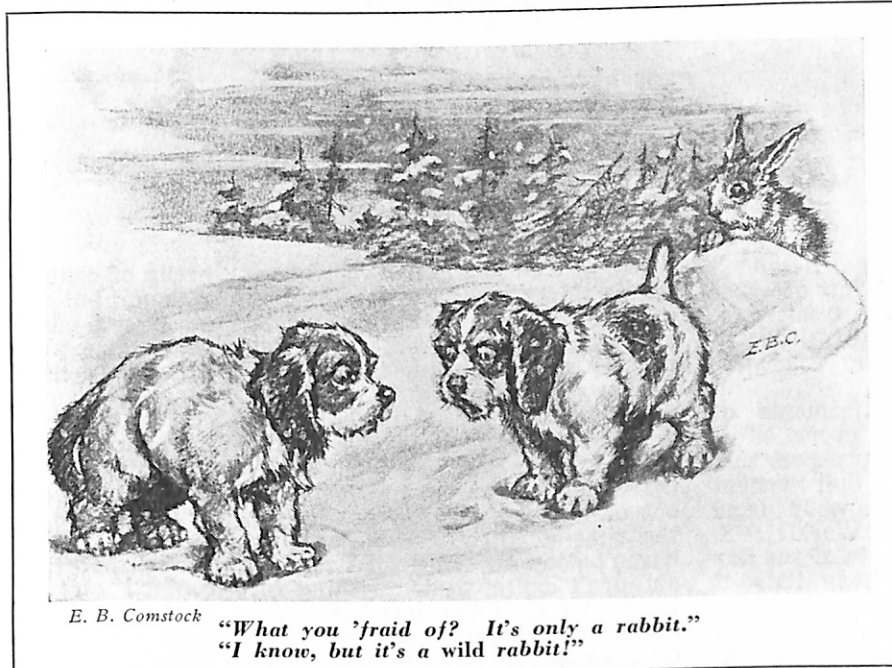
"But you *will*?"

"Listen," Tom reached for her hand and it did not pull away or even stir, "I might take it back. It would depend. Understand?"

"You mean I'd have to—*buy* you off?" and her face had changed suddenly and colored fast.

"This is what I mean," he told her. "If I could sort of hang around and talk things over, we could get somewhere. I can really sell. Take this house of yours. I would be a lousy auctioneer if I couldn't sell a Madison Avenue house to the real estate market."

"All right." She looked at him thoughtfully, carefully and interestedly. "Suppose you do that—hang around."



E. B. Comstock

"What you 'fraid of? It's only a rabbit."  
"I know, but it's a wild rabbit!"

been the ordeal of the auction. He was thinking that he had promised her something, and he had three strikes called on him before even starting. Why couldn't it have worked out differently?

"Here's your check," he said. "It's not very much—four thousand."

"Thank you."

He saw no reason now in further disturbing her, so simply explained, "I'm not such a good auctioneer after this. I didn't get very far with this."

She said, "You mean it wasn't much for a—"

"For a collector's paradise," he finished.

He was surprised to hear her taking a deep breath and for some reason he remembered how he used to breathe like that before hopping off Arnook Point into the swimming hole.

"I think that I'd like to buy some of the pieces back again," she said in a low voice. "I don't think the prices were quite—right." A slow flush was rising in her cheeks. "I really would like to buy some back. There was an armoire. Then those Duncan Phyfe chairs. I—I'd like to buy those back. Then the bed—"

He nodded. "Maybe it could be arranged. I know you consider them valuable—"



He kissed her with equal carefulness and thoughtfulness—longer than the other time, and saw that she was not shock-proof at all—because she gasped as she had when she tripped on the stairs.

Someone had come into the room, because Tom could hear some kind of exclamation.

But first Tom only said to the girl, "Wait a minute—just a minute. Don't go away. I'll be right back. I just want to go tell Joe Kopek. He's going to enjoy all this. He's

a great man in his line—but even Joe never sold a house on Madison."

Then he kissed her again, because he had a pretty good idea who it was standing behind them in the doorway. Drew.

"Mary," Tom said quietly, "shall I throw this man out?"

Drew looked at him, for seconds, his eyes cold with fury. Then he said, trying to control his voice, "I don't suppose you'll care about seeing that show, Mary?"

And now Tom knew that Mary hadn't merely been reckless in her reaction to Drew—she had been afraid, too. What she said proved it. "Not tonight, Rodney."

"Or any other night," added Tom, and it sounded good to get it out.

So Drew left them, striding into the hallway. He didn't say good-night, or anything—but he did fall over a barrel in the corridor. And that made Tom laugh. Mary seemed to enjoy it a lot, too.

## The Cruise Craze

(Continued from page 11)

most of the potential matches don't come to anything, and few of those which do can stand the unmerciful and entirely unromantic attitude of New York toward lovers who walk hand-in-hand off ships.

In the early advertisements of short, popular cruises every effort was made to show the prospect that there would never be a dull moment aboard the trim and speedy (and smart and huge and Old World) *S. S. Magnolia*. Every minute of the day was accounted for in long lists of "activities" which the cruise provided. In an effort to draw trade, they put in everything but the galley stove. Even a bracing walk around the deck was considered a special feature worthy of mention. As a result, some people went on cruises with the idea that they were going to a circus which lasted about twenty hours a day for ten days, and were disappointed. They had taken the trip because they had expected a continuous round of pleasure and they found themselves spending half their time sitting in a deck chair staring at the water. Most of the boredom was self-inflicted. They didn't know how to enjoy themselves; to spend leisure time in a new environment. Men who were perfectly at home doing nothing on a motor trip or on a train, in the country or at a golf club were unable to adjust themselves to doing nothing on a ship. Women who had done nothing but play bridge and direct a maid for fifteen years couldn't amuse themselves on a cruise.

If they had reported their reactions honestly and fully to their friends, the popular cruise business might have died then and there. But they kept the romantic illusion alive and nowadays much less stress is laid on "activity". An effort is made to keep the passengers amused and entertained, but promises are seldom made which lead the prospect to expect something which isn't delivered.

The job of keeping the passengers amused is entrusted to a cruise staff

which may consist of anywhere from one to thirty persons. The function of these groups of energetic men and women, aside from organizing routine entertainment, is to "snap the passengers out of it". The "it" refers to boredom. Actually this is a man-sized job, frequently calling for quick-thinking and tact. Many passengers don't want to be snapped out of it and not a few are having the time of their lives when they haven't done anything for five days and don't expect to do anything for the next ten. For a member of the cruise staff to suggest a game of chess or shuffleboard to someone who is just snuggling down in a deck chair in the pleasant anticipation of letting the mind go blank for six or eight hours, is to commit a serious tactical error. For almost invariably the mind, instead of going blank, will spend the next eight hours repeating to itself the inciting phrase, "Why can't they let me alone? Why can't they let me alone?" Such a passenger is not a happy one.

Back in the early thirties one of the principal reasons for going on cruises was to soak up a lot of good, inexpensive liquor. So important was this aspect that two-, three- and four-day cruises were organized for this purpose only. They were called "Cruises to Nowhere". Actually, the ship put out to sea and went around in circles slowly, while the passengers went on their own private cruises to oblivion. The "Cruise to Nowhere" was short-lived, however, because somebody ruled that it was illegal for a foreign boat to carry passengers from one United States port (New York) to another (New York). It is said that the shipping companies were somewhat relieved by this ruling. No foreign ship, they pointed out, was built to withstand the terrific battering of a storm caused by five hundred or more prohibition-trained, inebriated Americans. They just tore the ship apart, rivet by rivet.

Drinking on cruise ships today is moderate. Every once in a while a

group of convivial souls will get out of hand, but eventually they will all be shooed off to bed by a steward who is an expert at judging capacity. Americans have grown accustomed to good liquor and, while the low cost of drinks on a cruise provokes in a few a tendency to overindulge, generally speaking the cruise passenger always has a little in him, but only rarely does he have too much.

There are still the traditional parties with paper hats, serpentine, confetti and noise-makers. These produce much back-slapping and mild flirting, but the champagne doesn't flow continuously. By and large, it's not much different from a big party back home, except that it's on a boat and everybody feels he has to enjoy it while the enjoying's good.

**F**OREIGN boats attract the most tourists not only because there are more of them, but because they are presumed to have "atmosphere". Usually they haven't. A boat full of Americans is a boat full of Americans, and could be named in three languages and still have about as much foreign flavor as Kansas City. There are touches of color, to be sure—the food, the accent of the stewards—but as for atmosphere, it's purely American.

But just as they are in a more advantageous position in the trans-Atlantic field, foreign boats are better situated competitively in the cruise business. Aside from the much discussed foreign subsidies, American ships must face the very real problem of labor costs. In this country the lowest class of sailor, an ordinary seaman, is paid \$55 a month. In the merchant marines of England, France and Germany he gets considerably less. There is an even greater spread in wages for the next group, the able-bodied seaman. An American ship operating with three hundred seamen in these classifications alone must take in \$9,000 more a month than its foreign rivals. That is competition!



There have been longer cruises. There have been more expensive cruises. But the climax of the short Southern cruise business was reached in 1938 with the first cruise of the *Normandie* to Rio de Janeiro. When word got around that the Raymond-Whitcomb people were thinking of taking on the *Normandie* for a cruise with a minimum of about \$20 a day, veteran cruise men shook their heads. It couldn't be done. There weren't enough people left in the whole country with the money for tips, entertaining and clothes that such a trip would require. The French Line people, anxious to make money on the boat during the dull trans-Atlantic season, pooh-poohed that. Why, you could fill the *Normandie*, the beautiful *Normandie*, the largest and fastest liner afloat, if it just took a jaunt around the Caribbean. You could fill it for a ride around Manhattan Island. The Raymond-Whitcomb people did their own thinking and their own figuring, checked sources of fuel and

water, checked entertainment facilities, and finally came to the conclusion that they couldn't miss. Disturbances in the Mediterranean would keep many a de luxe prospect away and not all of these would want to go on some of the longer cruises in this hemisphere.

ALSO, they figured, twenty-four days was not too long for a business man to be away from his office during dull February. Maybe they could get him. And the *Normandie* was the most publicized boat in the world. With only the English building them, it might be a generation before another such highly-promoted, super-super glamour liner was built. It was a very real challenge.

They figured correctly. The *Normandie* sailed for Rio amid a fanfare of publicity which set cruise men back on their heels completely. The cruise of the *Normandie* dwarfed everything leaving New York that

season. There were nine hundred and fifty paying passengers—almost as many as had crossed the Equator in the decade before short cruises became popular—and for every thirty passengers there was somebody from the cruise staff charged with responsibility for their pleasure.

The cruise craze apparently is here to stay. It has taken its place in our national life, along with bingo, bank night and trailers. The tourist agencies are constantly scrambling to unearth new places to send their clamoring customers and even the freighters have grown cruise-minded. Veteran sea captains who for years rebelled against passenger life in any form now see their old tubs described in colorful folders in a way which astonishes them, and their "guest" staterooms are always occupied. Most freight lines are booked solidly six months ahead. So you are pretty safe in assuming that the cruise business is not only here to stay, but that it is in for a boom.

## Art Fresh Off the Ice

*Continued from page 19)*

rific and instantaneous success. Imitators seemed to pop up out of every snow-bank and most of them cleaned up handsomely. Still are; this is the second winter of the professional skaters' great content and they are enjoying undiminished popularity.

Converting Mr. J. P. Morgan's magnificent library into a second-hand book store would be as nothing compared to the upheaval made by Madison Square Garden last year to schedule properly three elaborate ice-skating spectacles. The six-day bike riders, who always inhabited the place early in December, were given a date in the dead of summer. It hardly paid to open the joint, but the directors didn't mind much. Professional hockey, the Garden's meal-ticket for a decade, was manipulated so that there was only one game in two weeks—on a Sunday evening between the close of the Ice Follies and the opening of the Winter Sports Show. Ordinarily, six hockey brawls would have been played during a corresponding period.

It was a sin and a shame, though, the way the boxers, for whom Tex Rickard built the Garden, were thrown out on their cauliflower ears. Some of the slap-happy gladiators were shocked into articulate speech when they were told they were being given the old heave-ho for a stable of guys and dolls who wore trick costumes and skated to music.

They do say that on a quiet night the ghost of a fighter who discovered a pair of silk panties left in a dressing-room by a chorus-girl

skater, still stalks the Garden in bewildered anguish. And when Miss Henie's troupe of itinerant skaters sold out the house on five successive nights last December, nobody listened to the fight mob's plaintive protests that rugged individualism in America was tottering. The bleats couldn't be heard above the clamorous clicking of the turnstiles.

Can it be that this sudden preoccupation with form and grace—which, of course, are the pay-offs in fancy skating—denotes a mass trend toward the refinement of the public's taste, away from those sports with strictly a primitive appeal? It can be—but let's not go overboard for a theory teeming with sociological implications just because several hundred thousand clients are stampeding a new phase of streamlined entertainment. Vaudeville acts, floor shows, ballets or tableaux on skates, call them what you will, are making hatfuls of money and a story for only one reason, significant in itself.

The customers will support temporarily almost any enterprise, provided it is loaded with hoop-la and is presented with enough elaborate window-dressing to choke a plush horse.

Showmanship is the answer to the ice-show vogue. When La Henie, wearing a fetching smile and an extremely short ballet skirt, makes an entrance in the grand manner into a darkened arena, relieved only by a spotlight which plays upon her with breath-taking brilliance, it's easy to believe the night was made

for romance. She embodies all the glamour of Hollywood; the dozen or two dozen gentlemen skaters who accompany her in top hats, white ties and tails offer eloquent testimony that elegance still lives. The mob has paid carriage-trade prices to watch the identical routine it has seen in the movies for a quarter, yet it is positively enchanted by a girl who is too ethereal to belong on this earth. She'll do it every time. The people think she's wonderful. Which, of course, she is.

All the prima ballerinas of the skating shows are wonderful and very easy on the eyes. There are Bess Ehrhardt, Evelyn Chandler and Vera Hruba, in addition to Henie. And the crown princess is thirteen-year-old Hazel Franklin, an English girl who skates like an angel and has the personality of a minx.

"Old-time skaters throw a fit when they see what we're doing now," Everett McGowan, the male lead of his own Ice Follies, says. "The mere thought of performing modern dances like the shag, big apple and Suzie-Q on skates drives the technical experts nuts. They say we're profaning an ancient art.

"Nuts to them, too. They refuse to realize that we're in the show business now. Skating as a sport never made a dime at the box-office. Dressed up and made a spectacular exhibition as it is now, figure-skating is doing all right."

Sheer technical ability no longer is the only criterion in commercial fancy skating. If it were, Karl



Schaefer would be the outstanding star in the business. Schaefer is the world's most accomplished rider of the steel blades; when there was an Austria to be represented in international competition, he won the Olympic championship in 1932, and again in 1936, by the unanimous verdict of the judges. Schaefer was the head man of the Gay Blades show, which flopped miserably and folded somewhere in Minnesota. Men who, compared to Schaefer, look like awkward kids on double-runners stumbling around a mill-pond, are making a comfortable living. Schaefer, the master of them all, can't get to first base because he isn't a showman, has not the personal magnetism.

Any blighter who says La Belle Henie isn't an angel come to life when she has skates on her dainty dogs will have to eat those words or step out into the alley with me. But the very brutal truth is that Sonja was a much sounder technician 'way back in 1928 when she was a little girl in pig-tails winning the first of three straight Olympic championships for Norway than she is today.

**I**F execution and gracefulness of style were the only factors making for public interest, fancy diving would be fully as popular as fancy skating is this very minute. Both sports fundamentally are the same; pure form is the single standard of comparative excellence. Yet diving contests draw as many spectators as an exhibition of Egyptian hieroglyphics—or as many as figure-skating did until someone saw the light. Diving was big stuff a quarter of a century ago, when Annette Kellerman surrounded herself with the first one-piece bathing suit and a bevy of personable young women who did a trick disappearing act into a tank, much to the regret of the male section of the audience.

Showmanship in sports is not exactly a new gag discovered by the ice people. They have exploited it more thoroughly and expertly than most other promoters, perhaps, but the sweet uses of extravagance and circus features are getting a heavier play all the time, all along the line.

Baseball has been given a shot in the arm by night games and All-Star contests. Embellish a post-season football game with a civic celebration and a procession of elaborate floats and you have a Bowl classic. Getting the U. S. Military or Naval Academy corps to accompany the Army or Navy football teams is just like money in the bank.

The skaters have prospered mightily because their presentations mark an entirely new departure from anything seen or attempted before. For that matter, hardly anybody ever saw a formal skating contest, even when national or international championships were at stake, and small wonder. The purists' idea of a dandy time was to assemble a group of earnest and obscure athletes and turn them loose on the forty-one different school, or compulsory, figures in the book. As each contestant came up for his or her turn, the judges drew six of these figures by lot. Each maneuver had to be repeated in triple repetition, some starting off the left foot, and others off the right. After the school figures, the contestant went through a series of free figures, or original variations to waltz music on the classic patterns. It looked quite as deadly as it reads. Friends and relatives of the poets of pure motion refrained from expressing enthusiasm, probably because they were embarrassed by the resounding echoes of applause which reverberated from the top-most rafters of the empty rink with practically no obstructions.

**P**ROFESSIONAL skaters tried to forestall the day they would have to go to work to keep body and soul together by getting a few odd weeks of booking during the year in vaudeville. Occasionally they would do a five-minute turn between the periods of a hockey game. There always were several coarse characters in the gallery who hollered, "Let 'er go!" when the gentleman grasped his female partner by the feet and whirled her through the air at a terrifying rate. A skater could bring down the house only by sitting down, abruptly and without

premeditation, on the seat of his pants. It is interesting, incidentally, to find that the first written reference to skating was in connection with an injury sustained through a fall on the ice by St. Liedwi of Scheidam, Holland, in 1396. St. Liedwi now is the patron saint of skaters.

Sonja Henie's thumping success in the movies swept the old concept of skating into oblivion. An ice-show now is nothing more than a well-staged vaudeville revue in swing-time. Heinie Brock, a first-class figure-skater in his own right, panics the mob with his take-off of a drunk on skates. The Four Ice Mannequins do the Lambeth Walk. Everett and Ruth McGowan tear off a violent Apache dance. Evelyn Chandler does every step, foolish or fancy, to be seen on a dance floor, only better. Eddie Shipstead and Oscar Johnson lay 'em in the aisles as the head and posterior ends of a prop horse. Harris Legg leaps over seven barrels and dives through a flaming hoop. The chorus girls, dressed in all-revealing, non-concealing costumes, pirouette and prance through intricate routines with a precision seldom seen in a Broadway ensemble. And the customers clap hands and cheer fit to bust a lung.

This sort of thing can't go on indefinitely, of course. It must be classed as a passing fad—although it's taking its own sweet time in passing out. As a sport, ice shows lack the very necessary elements of competition and the unpredictable which bring the patrons back more than once a year. A baseball, football, basketball or hockey fan will see his heroes as often as his wallet will bear the traffic, but once you've seen a troupe of skaters, you've seen them all for all time.

As a theatrical enterprise, the overhead—chiefly renting a suitable arena—is much too much for a long, steady pull. Every right-thinking citizen, however, should commend the effort made to bring art and culture to the great American public. And all of us should stand up and cheer the frost-bitten talent scouts who put those lovely, leggy creatures of the chorus on skates. Let's have more of that, by all means.

## What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 18)

raphy and a book of tales—presumably all these funny experiences happened to Bemelmans when he first came to the United States as a lad with a Tyrolean accent and had one job after another as a busboy in hotels. He knows he was a queer fellow and has no regrets.

This youngster made the rounds of the hotels in pre-war days, armed with letters of introduction; when

he was fired from one job for inattention or flagrant dereliction of duty, he went to another. Thus he came, eventually, to the great hotel, here called the Splendide, where rich men's daughters were presented to society, where males occasionally met for noisy dinners and where the tight-fisted head of a firm annually entertained his employees with the cheapest food he could buy and thus

eased his conscience. Here are glimpses of the head waiters, the maitre d'hotel, the musicians who drank up the last punch, the scrub-women who received a nip from the cocktails left over from the big party. The inside of a big hotel, of which we know only the outside.

One of his best tales has to do with the resourceful waiter who financed a trip to Europe out of the



jewels he salvaged from the ladies' room after an event, and who managed to get the best food without having to do any work on the ship. And another good one, in which Ludwig Bemelmans shows that he has learned something from O. Henry, deals with the days when the little busboy had a crush on the famous actress, saved up his pennies to buy her an enormous bouquet of roses, and then saw it delivered to the wrong actress. It's one of the few jolly books of the year. (Viking Press, \$2.50)

### Novel About Literary Personalities

Madeleine Boyd's autobiographical novel, "Life Makes Advances", tells the story of a shrewd, practical, resourceful French girl who had no money, became an instructor in French in Dublin at 23, and married a brilliant literary man, who was made a British vice-consul at Baltimore just before the great war. As a story of how this girl learned about the ways of men, kept her own emotions in check, absorbed the literary talk of Dublin and America, it paints a portrait that we hardly know, for few writers have pictured the practical French girl. But the book is exciting for another reason—its intimate glimpses of famous people, whose names are not disguised: George Russell ("AE"), James Stephens, William Butler Yeats, Maud Gonne, A. E. Orage, Padraic Colum and other lights of Dublin and London; H. L. Mencken, John Quinn, Willard Huntington Wright, Alfred Kreyborg and other writers and personalities of the war years in America. Even the author admits that a great deal of actual fact has gone into the writing of this novel, which tells how her husband, sympathetic with the Irish friends who had a part in the political aspirations of the homeland, gets into difficulties with his government because his letters are considered indiscreet. Definitely a novel about personalities, it is no less a revelation of what goes on in the mind of a Frenchwoman who must adjust herself to strange conditions in the United States, but who finds also that men of various nationalities have many traits in common. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.75)

OTHER novels of the hour: Romantic tales and flights into fantasy are available this month for readers who find naturalism too distressing. Some of the results are puzzling, but merit attention. For instance, there is "The Sword in the Stone", by T. H. White, which describes the fantastic, wholly incredible life of the Wart, who is destined to pull a sword out of a stone and become King Arthur. Mr. White, who has a startling knowledge of medieval customs, including falconry and archery, starts the Wizard Merlyn with the work of educating the Wart and weaves so many anachronistic



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# PRINCE ALBERT

**THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE**



events into the ancient chronicle that the characters seem less enchanted than pixillated. There's no telling in advance how many readers will enjoy this merry fooling, but the Book of the Month Club has sent it to its subscribers (100,000 at least) and so its editors must have a high opinion of it. (Putnam's, \$2.50) . . . Sylvia Townsend Warner is an English author with a reputation for novel situations in her stories, original characters and a discriminating use of language. Therefore, her new novel, "After the Death of Don Juan", will get a welcome automatically from those who recall "Lolly Willowses" and "Mr. Fortune's Maggott". In this story Dona Ana, who was wronged by Don Juan, gets married and starts for Tenorio Viejo to tell Juan's father, Don Saturno, of his son's fate, and the events that follow greatly distress Don Ottavio, the new husband. To have Miss Warner write about the eighteenth century is delightful, but she seems to have been affected by current events in Spain and with this in mind ended her story on a more realistic note. (Viking Press, \$2.50) . . . There is a typical robust and rip-roaring Irish tale in "Sons of the Swordmaker", in which Maurice Walsh describes the fighting and loving of the sons of Orugh, who made swords of iron in Long Baravais, south of the Four Seas. If you have read Walsh's Irish romances before, you know what to expect. (Stokes, \$2.50)

#### Life in Venezuela

Erna Fergusson packs an extraordinary amount of color, information, reflection and thought into her book, "Venezuela". Here we find expressed the tragic, difficult struggle

of the people of this land to attain a worthy civilization. Their history was one of cruel exploitation. Their climate is hard on man. But the hope of the people is in the young men, who have neither the political cynicism of the middle-aged nor the futitarian attitude of the conservative. "The miracle for which all Venezuelans hope actually exists in her young men and women," says the author. "Alert and intelligent, fully aware of the backwardness which hampers their every step, they are bound this time to free their country and make possible her development." But Venezuela, which needs help and can profit by foreign interests, actually fears foreign exploitation in a way represented by the hotelkeeper who advertised for tourists and then denied them admission to his hotel because he resented their ways.

Here are stories of life in Venezuela; tales about legends of hidden treasure and terrible deeds, for "all Venezuela's history is a tale of horrors and hatreds." Here, too, the traveler comes in contact with the Andean highlands (where the violent presidents have come from) and the oilfields of Maracaibo. The author had a chance to talk with many officials and her book reveals the dominant needs and preoccupations of Venezuelans today. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3)

**A**FTER this introduction to South America the inquiring reader may turn with profit to a more serious discussion of history, "Latin America", by F. A. Kirkpatrick, of the University of Cambridge, author also of "The Spanish Conquistadores". Putting the history of all the South and Central American

states into one book isn't so easy, especially when you add Mexico, Texas and California, but it provides outlines of what occurred and may help those who can't go into details. (Macmillan, \$3.75)

**T**HERE'S a new book on Mexico, too, "New Designs for Old Mexico", by Henry Albert Phillips, a traveler's record, which tells what you may expect to find in the chief cities of Mexico, describes the lives of its people and attempts to give an outline of the political and social problems that have been making so much trouble in the last ten years. (McBride, \$2.75)

#### The Eternal Hope for Riches

The mystery of how profits are made—and held—by trading in the stock market tempts authors now and then to announce that they have found a solution. The latest is "Profits Out of Wall Street", by H. Wilder Osborne. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$1.29) I don't know whether Mr. Osborne has made his pile, but his advice is sound—to study the trend, buy when it is going up, no matter what the day's prices, and sell when certain indications in price, performance and volume show that stocks are nearing their tops. The only trouble with this and other advice is that men are never able to guess accurately when stocks have reached their lowest points or their highest, nor can they determine in advance the effect of unforeseen factors on the market. Yet books like this are more interesting than mystery thrillers, possibly because every reader thinks of himself as the lucky discoverer of how to get rich—at a cost of \$1.29.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

#### Lewistown, Pa., Lodge Honors P.E.R. E. D. Smith, State Pres.

Leading Elks from all over the State of Pennsylvania met in the home of Lewistown, Pa., Lodge, No. 663, recently to join the members in honoring P.E.R. Edward D. Smith who was elected President of the Pa. State Elks Assn. at its 1938 convention in New Castle. Mr. Smith served two consecutive terms as District Deputy for the Pa. South Central District, and Burt S. Burns, of Reynoldsville Lodge, Pres. of the District Assn., was present with many of the district officers to pay him homage. Mr. Smith was presented with a silver card case, a replica of his honorary life membership card case, by immediate Past Pres. Grover C. Shoemaker of Bloomsburg, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and a handmade gavel, cut from a

bullet-ridden tree on the Gettysburg battlefield, by D.D. Herbert L. Grimm of Gettysburg.

City Collector Harry L. Siegel made the welcoming speech. Among the other speakers were Past State Pres.'s Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; James B. Sleeman, Huntingdon, and D.D. Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, and D.D.'s Robert C. Allen, Uniontown, and Robert C. Baker, Bloomsburg. The speaking program was under the direction of E.R. Kelly B. Pennebaker. Over 500 Elks and their ladies were served at the banquet.

#### S. Clem Reichard, Prominent Elk, Dies at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Members of the Order in Pennsylvania paid honor to the memory

of Past State Pres. S. Clem Reichard, P.E.R. of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge, No. 109, at the funeral services held on November 9 at Mr. Reichard's residence. The Rev. Levi Lunn, a member of Sayre, Pa., Lodge, delivered an impressive eulogy and military honors were accorded by Solomon Post, Spanish-American War Veterans.

Elk services were in charge of the following members of Wilkes-Barre Lodge: E.R. George Phillips, P.E.R.'s Dr. W. E. Davis and C. F. Beck, and Robert Meehan, Jonathan Valentine, Joseph Morrow and Stephen Tkoch. Among those in attendance were State Pres. Edward Smith, Lewistown, D.D.'s Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, and Robert C. Baker, Bloomsburg, officers and Past Presidents of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and leading Elks from prac-



tically all of the districts in the State. Burial took place in Oaklawn Cemetery.

### **Vicksburg, Miss., Lodge Holds a Successful Americanism Night**

"Americanism Night" was celebrated by Vicksburg, Miss., Lodge, No. 95, on Nov. 9. The newly organized Elks Band gave a concert in front of the lodge home before the program began.

D.D. Sam Miller of Hattiesburg was the principal speaker. The meeting was given over to appreciation of American principles of personal liberty. Thomas Q. Ellis, Clerk of the Supreme Court, and Judge Harris Dickson, widely read author of Southern history, also spoke.

### **Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge Holds Judiciary Night Program**

Two minute talks by members of the Fort Lauderdale and Broward County legal fraternity featured the Judiciary Night program put on recently by Fort Lauderdale, Fla., Lodge, No. 1517, in honor of members of the Bar who are members of the Order. P.E.R. Louis F. Maire, Assist. State Attorney for the County, occupied the Exalted Ruler's station during the evening.

E.R. H. S. Becker announced that the lodge would present the Park Temple Boy Scout Troop No. 3 with an American Flag for use in its ceremonies. The Troop was invited to attend a special program for the presentation.

### **Newport, R. I., Lodge Celebrates Its Golden Anniversary**

The Army, Navy and Marine Corps were represented by Elks in all branches of the Service at the celebration of the Golden Anniversary of Newport, R. I., Lodge, No. 104, held in the magnificent home of the lodge. Lieut. John G. Nicklas, E.R. of Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, headed a large delegation of Massachusetts members who made the trip to Newport by bus.

The anniversary was observed with a banquet, a speaking program and a floor show brought from Boston. In a 30-minute talk, Historian Arthur B. Commerford, a charter member, told of the early days of Newport Lodge and of the men who figured prominently in its organization. The lodge home presented a beautiful picture with its artistic carvings, fine furnishings and floral decorations. It was at one time the home of the famous Hetty Green.

### **Norwich, Conn., Lodge Votes to Establish a "Blood Bank"**

At a recent meeting, Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, voted to establish a "blood bank" and appointed as members of a committee to make the necessary arrangements, Dr. R. G. Urquhart, Sr., Dr. E. J. Brophy and Archie Spalding. It was planned to type members of the lodge volunteering their services in the

providing of blood for needy patients in the community, and to keep a record of the various types of blood on file. It was stated that transfusions would be given at the W. W. Backus Hospital, and only to persons unable to afford the services of professional donors.

### **Plymouth, Mass., Lodge Sponsors 30-Piece Children's Band**

Plymouth, Mass., Lodge, No. 1476, has taken over the sponsorship of a Plymouth Elks Children's Band of 30 members from eight to 15 years of age. E.R. Robert Smith announced the adoption of the band when D.D. W. J. Dalton of Norwood made his official visitation some weeks ago, and the band, appearing for the first time under its new sponsorship, was warmly received. It was expected that new uniforms would be ready for the several public appearances to be made during the winter.

Initiation ceremonies were held at the meeting and supper was served. Visiting Elks were present from Norwood, Quincy, Wareham, North Attleboro, Boston, Taunton and Middleboro, Mass.

### **Dayton, O., Lodge Celebrates Its First Anniversary**

The First Anniversary of Dayton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 58, was fittingly observed with the initiation of a class of candidates followed by a Banquet and Ball. D.D. Harry Lang, of Middletown, paid his official visit that night and was the principal speaker. The anniversary festivities also celebrated the official opening of the new lodge home.

### **Portland, Me., Lodge Holds Its Annual Circus For Charity**

Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, staged its Annual Charity Circus in the local Exposition Building for a full week, beginning December 5. The event serves the two-fold purpose of bringing high-class circus entertainment to Portland and swelling the coffers of the Elks Christmas Charity and Crippled Children's Funds.

A real big time circus was presented, with scores of celebrated acts which appear during the summer with the outstanding circuses of the country. As usual, the affair was a huge success. Portland Lodge is always sure of public cooperation, due to the fact that its charities are well known throughout the community, and its activities highly regarded.

### **Titusville, Pa., Lodge Gives Oxygen Tent to City Hospital**

When the one oxygen tent with which the Titusville City Hospital was equipped proved insufficient for the demands made upon it, Titusville, Pa., Lodge, No. 264, promptly voted the necessary funds for the purchase of another and gave it to the institution. The presentation was made by E.R. James F. Meagher, Jr.

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## To All Members

CONGRESS recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

Headed by Chairman Edward Coyle, the Social and Community Welfare Committee and many other members of Providence, R.I., Lodge, No. 14, paid a recent Sunday afternoon visit to the Hillsgrove, R. I., Annex of St. Joseph's Hospital. The visits are annual events on the lodge calendar. The patients were entertained with vaudeville acts put on by some of the talented members of the lodge and their friends. "Happy" Stanley was Master of Ceremonies. Members of the committee distributed a large number of gifts contributed by the Elks, and E.R. F. Leo Gallagher, on behalf of the lodge, presented the Annex with several pieces of valuable hospital equipment.

Augusta, Ga., Lodge, No. 205, was host recently to Athens and Elberton, Ga., Lodges at a State Association District meeting. Approximately 100 Elks attended and State Pres. Charles G. Bruce, Atlanta, Vice-Pres. Aaron Cohen and P.D.D. J. Bush of Athens, and the Elberton Lodge officers were among those present. A class of candidates was initiated into Augusta Lodge in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Ritual being exemplified by the regular officers. A Dutch Lunch was served.

For the past few years, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge, No. 693, has been having marked success with its Luncheon Club which meets every Tuesday evening. Covers were laid for 190 when Dizzy Dean participated in the evening's program, and on State Association Night many of the State officers and Elks from Marshfield, Stevens Point, Wausau, La Crosse and several other cities were present. On another evening the detection of counterfeit currency was explained by a U. S. Secret Service agent. The club is a splendid means of getting the members together, offering interesting programs as well as entertainment and good fellowship. When one of its Past Exalted Rulers was too ill to attend, one of the programs was brought to his home by a direct hook-up by special wire and loud speaker.

Wisconsin Rapids Lodge holds the State Ritualistic Championship. It was awarded a handsome cup at the 1938 State Association Convention and also a cash prize.

Iola, Kans., Lodge, No. 569, has purchased a latest model incubator which will remain the property of the lodge but will be available at St. John's Hospital in Iola. It may be used without charge by any per-

son in the community, regardless of race, creed or color. The incubator is so constructed that oxygen may be administered to the infant. In case of emergency, it will be delivered to any home when needed by the Iola Fire Department.

Following many busy night hours, when food and coffee were supplied to weary fire-fighters in Topanga Canyon, late in November, a Major Disaster Committee was formed by San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, with E.R. Frank F. Butow as chairman. At the formation meeting, committees were named from all valley communities to serve in future disasters of fire, flood, earthquake or like calamities which might befall the territory, all members to be on call at all times, to act at a moment's notice.

With the consent of the Grand Exalted Ruler, a committee of members of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, made a request for small contributions from the subordinate lodges to go into a fund for additional films to be shown at the Fred Harper Memorial Theatre at the Elks National Home, Bedford, Va. More than 400 responded. The Theatre was presented to the Home as a gift last year by Grand Treasurer Dr. Robert S. Barrett of Alexandria, Va., Lodge.

It was explained that funds to pay for films shown once every week were raised by contributions received by Superintendent Robert A. Scott, but that with the large new theatre it was now possible to show two pictures weekly provided that funds were available. A pleasing ceremony took place at the Home when Dr. Arthur G. Barrett, P.E.R. of Baltimore Lodge and a present member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, presented to the Grand Treasurer a check for \$1,000 as part of the collection made by the Baltimore Elks Committee.

A class of 46 candidates was initiated into Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, at a recent meeting, and official visitations were made on that evening by D.D. Homer A. Tessier, of Cohoes Lodge, and State Vice-Pres. E. D. De La Mater, Amsterdam. Well over 400 Elks were in attendance. In addition to members of Ticonderoga Lodge, delegations were present from Glens Falls, Albany, Cohoes and Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodges.

A dinner was served before the meeting at Macauley's Restaurant, after which a procession was formed by the officers, candidates, delegates, and members of the local High School Band. The parade through the city ended at the lodge quarters.



The initiation ceremonies were conducted in the newly-decorated lodge room.

### Union City, N. J., Lodge Drum and Fife Corps Out For Honors

Secy. Albert H. Hangartner, of Union City, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, has been appointed General Chairman for the Monster Drum Corps Contest which will be held on Sunday, June 11, at the Roosevelt Stadium, Union City, at which time champion corps will compete for honors. The Union City Lodge Drum and Fife Corps is the oldest in Hudson County and one of the best fraternal corps in New Jersey, having won many prizes. All of the mem-

bers have served in the National Guard Regiment, either in New York State or New Jersey.

At the recent annual business meeting of the corps, the following officers were elected for 1938-39: Pres., Albert Hangartner; Vice-Pres., William Beck; Secy., Harry Neblung; Treas., Charles Carlson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Philip Pfeuffer; Drum Sergeant, Emil Felgentreu; Fife Sergeant, Joseph Ormsby; Quartermaster, William Miller.

### Vallejo, Calif., Lodge Moves Into Its New Home

The new year found Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, thoroughly settled (Continued on page 56)

## Your Dog

(Continued from page 38)

him to use the papers as his emergency toilet. If you catch him relieving himself elsewhere in the house, take him by the scruff of the neck (a large handful of skin, not a painful pinch), scold him sharply and loudly repeat the word "bad". Then put him on the newspapers and keep him there a few minutes. Do not punish him if you think there has been a considerable lapse of time between the offense and your discovery of it. He is only a puppy with an extremely short memory and he won't connect cause and effect.

To break him to the leash, put a collar on him as soon as you get him. But do not use the leash for about ten days unless you live where automobile traffic compels its use. When leading him, talk and coax. Do not use too much force. Try to make it a game for the pup.

His next lesson is to "heel"—to walk at your left side with his nose no farther ahead than your left leg. This gives you complete control over him. Here use the leash. When he lunges ahead, pull him back quickly, sharply repeating the word "heel". After he is thoroughly drilled, you can dispense with the leash, but not before.

In the following list of commands are other necessary steps in training:

- "Here" (or "Come")
- "Stop it" (or "Hey")
- "Drop it"
- "Sit"
- "Down" (or "Lie down")
- "Watch" (or "Guard it")
- "Wait" (or "Stand")
- "Up"
- "Go"
- "Get it" (or "Fetch it")
- "Thata boy" (praise)
- "Bad" (reproof)

All commands should be short words, spoken a little louder and more sharply than ordinary speech. The same scolding procedure should be followed; that is, sharp, loud repe-

tition of the word "bad" for other misdemeanors, such as chewing the wrong things.

To make him sit, gently but firmly press his rear quarters to the floor and at the same time hold your other hand under his chin. To induce him to lie down, press him down fore and aft. To wait, use leash training. To fetch, begin with any of his toys. Hide them, but not too well—some place where, after a little searching, he will find the object. Repeat the name of the toy in connection with the command.

Do not allow visitors to overhandle your dog, and strangers not at all. Do not permit anyone outside of your family to feed him.

To teach him to come when called, attach a long rope to his collar and repeatedly call his name. If he balks, slowly but firmly pull him toward you. It may be added that to come instantly when you call is one of the most valuable lessons he could learn.

Do not try to teach him too many things at one time, and try not to have anyone else present to distract the dog's attention. If lessons are given in the morning after a sound sleep, the dog will be more alert and responsive.

No discussion of training would be complete without reference to the obedience tests given at dog shows. Amazing feats are performed and it will be worth your while to see them. You may return home with a resolve to make your dog just such a trained post graduate as these show dogs are. His usefulness and companionship will be increased a hundredfold.

*If you want further detailed information as to the care of your dog, enclose stamp for reply and we will be glad to answer your questions or will send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.*

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A large waistline often causes prolapse of the stomach. Executive Belt supports your sagging abdomen, uplifting it gently but firmly. **FREE BOOKLET** relates the experienced results of over 120,000 wearers—men in all walks of life. Learn the facts... no obligation. **MAIL COUPON.**

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# LODGE NOTES

**SAGINAW, MICH.**, Lodge held a professional boxing night recently in honor of **JIM LAVIGNE**, youngest brother of the former "Saginaw Kid". A prominent guest was **NORMAN SELBY**, the original "Kid McCoy". There were 21 rounds of good, fast mixing. . . . The basketball team of **SEATTLE, WASH.**, Lodge was so anxious to make a creditable showing in the presence of its Lodge officers that it got stage-fright and lost a one-sided game recently to the Rainiers. They fought hard, but their passing just wouldn't "click". . . . **MARION, OHIO**, Lodge published as its Christmas card one of the handsomest pamphlets, revealing outstanding events of its year, that has ever been published by a lodge. The greeting was compiled and arranged by Merle Winston Jones, one of the young Elks. . . . **BALTIMORE, MD.**, Lodge claims it held the world's largest Oyster Roast last December for its Charity Fund. More than 9,000 persons attended, consuming 200,000 oysters, 25,000 clams, 6,000 pounds of shrimp and 2,000 pounds of "hot dogs", and that, friends, is some feed! . . . **A. WARENSKJOLD** sent an original Christmas present to **OAKLAND, CALIF.**, Lodge: fifty ten-pound boxes of prunes. Yes, prunes.

A distinguished gathering of Elks from all over New England was present at **NORWOOD, MASS.**, Lodge to greet **D.D. WILLIAM DALTON** on his official visit. . . . The handball players of **SPOKANE, WASH.**, Lodge are testing their relative merits these days, preparing for the city's first handball championship contest. **BILL FELTON**, the athletic director, is conducting an elimination tournament to pick contenders. . . . **FREEHOLD, N. J.**, Lodge held a stag dinner in honor of State Pres. **HOWARD LEWIS**. The affair was quite a blow-out. . . . **BISMARCK, N. DAK.**, Lodge recently published its first Holiday edition of *The Spreading Antlers*. There were 35 pages in the publication and photographs of many of the prominent members. It was dedicated to the sons and daughters of Elks. . . .

**BELLINGHAM, WASH.**, Lodge enlivened the visit of **D.D. PETER J. SNYDER** with a fine program of vaudeville. An immense turn-out of members greeted Mr. Snyder. . . . The bowling team of **EAST ORANGE, N. J.**, Lodge has been indulging in a number of red-hot matches. The keggers are doing so well they must have put in a lot of practicing. . . . District Vice-Pres. **JOSEPH MISCIA** came, saw and conquered the members of **NEWARK, N. J.**, Lodge one evening not long ago. Many distinguished New Jersey Elk officials were present to greet him. . . . **MEDFORD, ORE.**, Lodge observed Americanism Week with the initiation of five new members. The officers were assisted by **R. R. EBEL**, Commander of the Medford Post No. 15. . . . Both the newspapers of Casper, Wyo., published editorials last December congratulating **CASPER** Lodge upon its timely and appropriate Americanism program at which **DEAN JEROME FRITSCHKE**, national Chaplain of the American Legion, was the principal speaker. This brought Casper Lodge's program to the attention of the local citizens with considerable force.

The Old Timers of **BIRMINGHAM, ALA.**, Lodge enjoyed a red-letter evening when the Life Members' Banquet was held some time ago. A lot of water passed under the bridge in no time at all. . . . Thirty-six silver dollars, one for every year he has served his Lodge as an officer, were recently presented to **JACOB COSEL** by his fellow officers of **NEW CASTLE, PA.**, Lodge. Mr. Cosel, retiring as Lodge Secretary, was the guest of honor at a dinner. . . . Several candidates were initiated into **HAVRE DE GRACE, MD.**, Lodge one night in December on the occasion of the official visit of **D.D. CHARLES BOYER**. Havre de Grace Lodge had a big week at that time. The next night the 8th Annual Charity Ball was held in the Armory, and a very impressive Memorial Service took place two nights later. . . . Twenty-five new and reinstated members affiliated with **IOLA, KANS.**, Lodge in a class initiated in honor of **MELVIN FRONK** who is serving his 35th year as Secretary of Iola Lodge. One of the members of the class was **HOWARD C. FRONK**, son of the Secretary.

A class of 13 candidates was initiated into **NEW CASTLE, IND.**, Lodge in honor of **D.D. WALTER F. EASLEY** at the Indiana South Central District Meeting, to which New Castle Lodge was host. Mr. Easley was not able to attend, due to injuries received in an automobile accident. . . . Elks from more than half a dozen cities joined with **NEEDLES, CALIF.**, Lodge to participate in a celebration marking the end of the first year that the local Lodge had lived in its new quarters. A parade was held and the 30-odd candidates who were resigned to providing amusement for the boys were delighted to find the tables turned and the Lodge officers herded into a milk wagon and towed along the line of march. . . . In an editorial in a **PLATTSBURG, N. Y.**, newspaper, former Mayor **WILLIAM E. CROSS** was felicitated on his having completed 50 years in the order of Elks. Mr. Cross had returned to his home town, **AMSTERDAM, N. Y.**, where the local Lodge was celebrating its 50th Anniversary. Mr. Cross is a charter member of Amsterdam Lodge.

Station **WCOU** of the Mutual Yankee Colonial network broadcast the excellent Memorial Services of **LEWISTON, MAINE**, Lodge. **P.E.R. DAVID GREER**, of **NEWTON, MASS.**, Lodge delivered an address.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 55)

in its new home, a modern steel and concrete fireproof structure, built in ultra-modern but conservative style, and richly furnished, at a cost of \$90,000. Every activity in which the lodge engages was taken care of in the planning. A gift of the **Vallejo Police Department**, a specially-built clock, occupies a prominent place on the main floor. It is so constructed that it strikes with chimes every night at the Hour of Eleven.

The official dedication took place in November, with appropriate ceremonies. The public was invited by **E.R. George H. Moran** to attend the Annual Memorial Services on December 6, at which time the building was thrown open for public inspection.

### 37th Anniversary Celebrated by Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge

Members of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, assembled with their ladies on December 12 to celebrate the lodge's 47th anniversary, were joined in the festivities by many visiting Elks from other parts of the State. **Edgar W. Waybright, Sr.**, a well known local attorney, was the principal speaker, and Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight **I. Walter Hawkins**, of De Land Lodge, spoke briefly. Introductions were made by **E.R. James T. Lowe**.

Special tribute was paid during the evening to **Col. Frank M. Ironmonger, Sr.**, as the sole surviving charter member, and to **Thomas W. Haney** as the dean of Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge in point of service. **P.E.R. R. L. Bohon**, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, was chairman of the committee in charge. The birthday banquet was followed by the presentation of special entertainment.

### Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Initiates a New Patriotic Project

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, passed a resolution last October requesting moving picture exhibitors of the State of Wisconsin to open and close their daily shows by flashing upon the screen the words of at least the first stanza of the Star Spangled Banner. The response was gratifying.

**Warner Brothers** has produced a special technicolor film in sound showing the American Flag flying from a staff and below it the first stanza of the national anthem, flashed two lines at a time. On December 17 the film was presented at 11 theatres in Milwaukee with appropriate ceremonies under Elk auspices. Other patriotic organizations participated. It was shown later in 12 theatres in Milwaukee County and in several affiliated theatres in other parts of the State. The film opens and closes the daily programs in the picture houses.



# PICTURE OF A MAN CROSSING A BRIDGE

*We've all heard of that famous bridge—the one that some people try to cross before they get to it. Fret, Worry & Fear built it and did a bad job. It's wobbly... and it never gets anybody anywhere.*

There's another bridge—Confidence—that is strongly engineered to carry heavy loads. Confidence sailed our pioneer forefathers across the turbulent Atlantic. Confidence helped our grandfathers extend the stubborn frontier—and made ours the strongest and most abundant land on Earth today. Confidence is ready now to take America further still.



*Live Life... Every golden minute of it  
Enjoy Budweiser... Every golden drop of it*



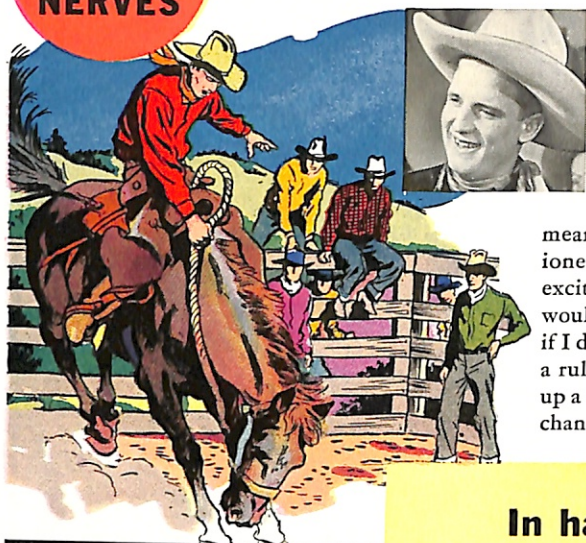
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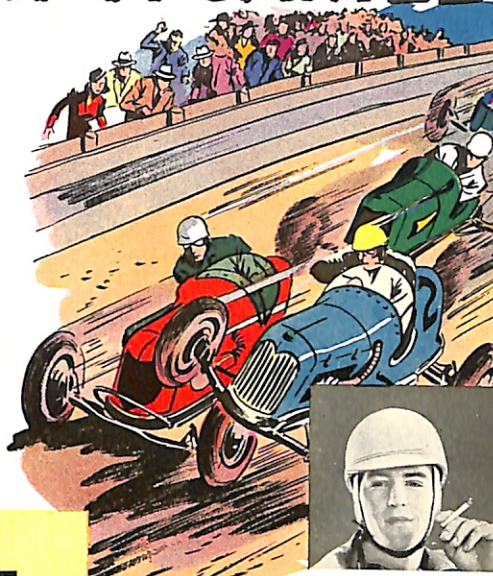


**WATCH  
YOUR  
NERVES**

# LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL



**BAREBACK RIDING** TITLES fall to rodeo star Carl Dossey (left) because of his splendid muscular control and the fact that he keeps his mind one jump ahead of the "bronc." But that means plenty of good old-fashioned nerve strain. "It's tough, exciting work," says Carl, "that would soon get my nerves jittery if I didn't ease off regularly. It's a rule with me to let up—light up a Camel every time I get the chance. Camels are comforting."



**In hazardous jobs —  
in every-day "grinds"  
— smokers say  
"CAMELS ARE SOOTHING  
TO THE NERVES"**

"AT TWO MILES A MINUTE on a dirt track anything can happen!" says Ernest Gesell, Jr. (above), who won a National Circuit Championship in midget auto-racing. "Skids, rolls, crashes put a big strain on nerves." It's a rule with him to give his nerves frequent rests—to let up—light up a Camel. He adds: "A pause with a Camel gives me a wonderful sense of well-being."



**JOAN NELLI-  
GAN** is a proof-reader. She doesn't live a hazardous life, but there's plenty of nerve strain in the close work she does. She concentrates intensely to keep mistakes from getting into print. "When I feel 'nerve fag' coming on," she says, "I let up—light up a Camel. Camels soothe my nerves. I can smoke as many as I please. Camels are so mild, and they never tire my taste!"



**TWO AND ONE-HALF** MILLION miles of flying without an accident—the first pilot to fly the air mail *at night* (by road map and flashlight). Meet Captain James H. (Jack) Knight, United Air Lines. "I make it a firm rule to keep my nerves from getting strained and jumpy," says Captain Knight. "Every opportunity, in the air or aground, I let up—light up a Camel. Camels are really soothing!"



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out why they are the  
**LARGEST-SELLING  
CIGARETTE  
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(left) **A GORDON SETTER** is a handsome dog to be proud of. It's a thrill to watch his flashing action. And it's a valuable lesson to observe that after strenuous activity, this dog suddenly halts...relaxes! Though his nervous system is high-strung like our own, the dog responds to the instinctive urge to rest. We don't usually look after our nerves that well. Perhaps you have often willed yourself on...ignoring nerve strain. Try breaking that nerve strain occasionally—pause now and then—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Camels are a matchless blend of finer, *more expensive* tobaccos.